Expose to Danger

by Philip Buckland



An Apollo Bureau spy adventure

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CHAPTER I

Space. A vast and dark and endless vacuum of stars and sky.

A satellite appeared in space. It was round and brass colored and circles covered all of the satellite. Then another satellite appeared in space. It was shaped like a rocket and had jet-propelled fins, and in the center of the nose cone of the rocket was a large barrel. And surrounding the barrel, and also inside the nose cone, were more barrels. But these barrels were smaller than the barrel in the center of the nose cone of the rocket. Then, a ray appeared from one of the smaller barrels inside the nose cone of the rocket and shot over to the satellite (the “brass colored ball”) and hit it. Then, the rocket pulled the ball over to it by using the

ray that had shot out of the barrel inside the nose cone of the rocket. Then, the ray disappeared. Now the rocket wasn't pulling the ball over to it. Then, another ray appeared from another one of the small barrels inside the nose cone of the rocket. Then, *it* hit the ball, and then the rocket repelled the ball away from it by using the ray that had been shot out of the barrel inside the nose cone of the rocket. Then, the ray disappeared. Now the rocket wasn't repelling the ball away from it anymore. Then another ray appeared from another one of the small barrels inside the nose cone of the rocket. Now *it* hit the ball, and then, with that ray, the satellite pulled the ball away with it. Then the ray disappeared. Now the rocket wasn't pulling the ball away with it by using the tractor ray that had come out of the barrel inside the nose cone of the rocket. Now another ray appeared from another barrel in the nose cone of the rocket and hit the ball and jammed the radio ball's

frequencies with a gyroscopic beam. Then the beam disappeared. Then another ray appeared from the nose cone of the rocket and hit the ball and exploded the ball. Now the ball was completely destroyed. Then the rocket turned around and went back to where it had come from.

It was a nice day here in Washington, D.C. The sun was bright, and the sky was blue, although there were a few clouds in the sky. But there was no temperature. It was neither hot or cold nor warm nor cool here in Washington.

I was here in downtown Washington and sitting outside Wiseguy NY Pizza with this beautiful blonde, and she and I were looking at menus. We were making a big decision: what to have put on our fourteen-inch pizza. I wasn't working right now, so I had the time to do whatever I wanted to do right now. Today I was in the mood to go eat out to eat out for lunch, and so I had come here to

Wiseguy NY Pizza for lunch. I was in the mood to have Italian food for lunch. And it was here at Wiseguy NY Pizza that I had met Julie--the beautiful blonde.

A waiter came and took our order, and then he collected the menus and left, and then Julie and I continued talking to each other, getting to know each other better.

We also told each other what we did for a living. Julie was an interior decorator, and I was an insurance investigator. Julie found *my* job fascinating. But what I didn't tell Julie was that insurance investigator was really my cover for what I was really was: a secret agent. But if I told Julie I was a secret agent, she'd be shocked or thrilled.

A few minutes later, the waiter came back with our order, and then we dug right into it: the fourteen inch pizza with mozzarella cheese and mushrooms and sausage on it, and we washed the pizza down with red wine.

We felt better after we had eaten. Now we were having more red wine and continued talking to each other, getting to know each other better.

My cell phone rang. But it wasn't my own personal cell phone that was ringing. Instead, *this* cell phone that was ringing right now was the direct line to all Apollo Bureau personnel. I recognized the cell phone's ring. And this cell phone looked like any other cell phone. It was supposed to. And it was the same color as any other cell phone. It was supposed to be the same color as any other cell phone. Since the Apollo Bureau was a secret agency. The color of *my* Apollo Bureau cell phone was dark charcoal gray. And there was a scrambling button on the cell phone. I took *my* Apollo Bureau cell phone out of my pocket and said hello.

"Hello, Micah, it's Tina," said Tina Sutton, Ruth Kincaid's secretary. Please scramble."

I looked at Julie and spoke to her: "I need to take this. I'll be right back." Then I got up from the table and walked a few feet away from it and stopped and stood and pressed the scrambling button on my Apollo Bureau cell phone and spoke to Tina again: "Scrambled."

"I take it you're with someone right now?" Tina asked me. "You did say that you need to take this call."

"Yes, I am with someone right now."

"Well, I'm sorry about the interruption, but Mrs. Kincaid needs to see you. We have a new assignment from the President."

"I'll be there as soon as I can," Then I hung up and put my Apollo Bureau cell phone back into my pocket. Then I went back to Julie and spoke to her: "I'm sorry, but I have to go. Something just came up and I have to take care of it. It *is* important."

"Oh, gee, that's too bad," She didn't ask me what it was that I had to take care of. That was good. It saved me the job of lying

to her about what it was that I had to take care of. What it was that I had to take care of was secret. I couldn't tell her or anyone else what it was that I had to take care of.

"Yes, it is. If I had a phone number, I could get back to you after I take care of what it is that I have to take care of." That is, if I get out of it alive, I thought. But I didn't say that to Julie. I couldn't. If I did say that to Julie, she'd want to know why I'd say it to her, and I'd have to tell her why I'd say it to her.

Julie took a pen and notebook out of her purse, and then she wrote down in the notebook her name and a phone number, and then she tore the paper out of the notebook and gave it to me. I looked at what she had written on the paper. Then I smiled at her and spoke to her again: "O.K."

"Good luck on whatever it is that you have to take care of."

"Thanks," Then I folded the paper and put it into my pocket, and then I left Julie

and ran over to my Mustang and unlocked it, and then I got into it and started it up, and then I pulled away from the curb so I could leave Wiseguy NY Pizza and go over to my place and shave and shower and change clothes, and then go over to Apollo Bureau CHQ and find out from Mrs. Kincaid what the new assignment from the President was.

I drove over to my place without speeding. I had to. I couldn't attract attention.

My place was on L Street.

When I got here, I parked my car outside my place, and then I got out of my car and locked it, and then I ran up to my apartment and unlocked it, and then I went into it and got undressed and shaved and showered and changed clothes. Then I ran out of my apartment and locked it, and then I ran back down to my car and unlocked it and got into it, and then I started it up and pulled away from the curb so I could leave my place and go over to Apollo Bureau CHQ and find out

from Mrs. Kincaid what the new assignment from the President was.

I drove over to Apollo Bureau CHQ without speeding. I had to. I couldn't attract attention.

CHAPTER II

The Realm Insurance Company was here in downtown Washington. On 14th Street. It was in the business of insuring things in general. But Realm Insurance wasn't really Realm Insurance. Instead, Realm Insurance was really the cover name for the central station of the Apollo Bureau, a secret American organization that got orders directly from the President of the United States.

I drove through the parking lot of the central station of the Apollo Bureau to go over to the building that housed the operations of the central station of the Apollo Bureau and park my car there. Me? I'm Micah Folster. I'm an agent for the Apollo Bureau. I work for Security Operations, the department of the Apollo

Bureau that's charged with taking care of things in the course of a mission. Because this department of the Apollo Bureau handles the big cases.

I parked my car here at the building that housed the operations of the central station of the Apollo Bureau, and then I got out of my car and locked it, and then I ran into the building that housed the operations of the central station of the Apollo Bureau and took the elevator up to the top floor of the building. Where Mrs. Kincaid's office was. Mrs. Kincaid was the head of the Apollo Bureau.

When I reached her office, I opened the door and walked into her office and closed the door.

Mrs. Kincaid was sitting behind her desk and looking at some papers and penning her way through them when she heard the door of her office open and saw me come in. Then she spoke to me: "Have a seat, Micah. I'll be

right with you." Then she resumed her paperwork.

Then I crossed the room to sit in front of her desk.

"If you want some coffee," she said to me. "just help yourself."

"All right," I went over to the bar and poured myself a cup of coffee, and then I went over to Mrs. Kincaid's desk and sat down in front of it and sipped the coffee.

Mrs. Kincaid finished the paperwork. Then she tossed the pen on her desk and sat back in her chair. Then she told me about the occurrence in space and turned on the TV built into the wall and on one side of the room with the remote control she had on her desk. Then we saw what the rocket had done to the satellite – the “brass colored ball.” After we saw what the rocket had done to the brass colored ball, Mrs. Kincaid turned the TV off with the remote control and put the remote control back on her desk and spoke to me again: "The President wants

us to look into this occurrence. He wants to find out if this occurrence has to do with the United States or the entire world. What we've found out about this occurrence so far from our tracking station in Boise, Idaho is that after the rocket did what it did to the brass ball, it turned around and went back to somewhere in Boise. But we don't know where in Boise the rocket went. And we've had our Naval reconnaissance planes fly over the area to find out where in Boise the rocket went. But they couldn't find it. It's like the rocket disappeared into that area."

"There is that possibility. Whoever's operating that rocket must not want anyone to know where it is. Which means that he must be hiding the rocket in that area."

"We thought of that, too."

"Was every inch of that area photographed?"

"Yes. But we couldn't find anything that could or would indicate a hiding place for

the rocket. As I said: it's like the rocket just disappeared into that area."

"Uh-huh."

"The CIA is looking into this occurrence, too. They want to know what's going on as much as the President does. You'll be working with them."

"Have *they* found out anything, anything important?"

"You'll have to ask them. They're working with our station in Boise on this right now. You'll be working with our Boise station on this, too." Then Mrs. Kincaid took a piece of paper off of her desk and told me what was written on it; the cover name for the Boise station of the Apollo Bureau, and the name of the head of the Boise station of the Apollo Bureau, and the address of the Boise station of the Apollo Bureau. I read and memorized all of this information, and then I took my cigarette lighter out of my pocket and burned the information. Then I saw the flames lick up the paper, and then I dropped

the paper into the ashtray on Mrs. Kincaid's desk, and then I continued watching the flames lick up the paper. Now the paper was ash. Then I spoke to Mrs. Kincaid: "This brass ball. What was that?"

"An experiment of one of the scientists who works at an experimental base in New Mexico. He called it his See All satellite. The purpose of this satellite was to see things from all around it. That's why it had scanners built into the satellite. Those circles you saw on the satellite were the scanners."

"I see."

"You have another assignment as well as look into the occurrence in space: investigate the death of one of our agents who used to be with our Boise station. His name was Pete Henderson. I think you knew him."

"Yes, I did. He used to work for our central station before he was transferred to our Boise station. I worked with him on assignments, too," I sounded shocked when

Mrs. Kincaid told me that Pete was dead. "How did he die?"

"Apparently it was from someone who burglarized his place and shot him when he saw him and stole his money. Pete was at home one night and sleeping. Then he heard something inside his house and went to investigate. Then he saw someone inside his living room, and then the someone shot him. Someone else heard the shot and went to investigate. Then he found Pete's body on the living room floor and called the police. In the course of the police's investigation of Pete's death, they discovered that Pete's cash box had been broken into and all of the money inside the box was gone, and they discovered that all of the money inside Pete's wallet was gone, too. And Pete's being the victim of this burglary and robbery and murder happened some time during the investigation of the occurrence in space. When our Boise station heard about the occurrence in space, they had Pete look into

the occurrence in space. But they and we hadn't seen or heard from Pete ever since they assigned him to look into the occurrence in space. They and we don't even know if Pete looked into the occurrence and if he found out anything about it. Then they and we found out that he was the victim of this burglary and robbery and murder."

"Maybe the person who's responsible for causing the occurrence in space found out that Pete was looking into the occurrence and killed him to keep him from looking into the occurrence and to keep him from telling anyone what he found out about the occurrence. By doing that, he made Pete look like he was the victim of burglary and robbery and murder. And his being the victim of burglary and robbery and murder wouldn't be looked into. Everyone would know that Pete had been the victim of burglary and robbery and murder. Case closed. And the reason why the person who's responsible for the occurrence in space

killed Pete at Pete's place was because he didn't want to kill him at *his* place so he could remove all suspicion from himself and to keep himself from being exposed and killed or captured."

"Makes sense."

"Or maybe Pete's being the victim of burglary and robbery and murder had nothing to do with his looking into the occurrence in space. Maybe his being the victim of burglary and robbery and murder had to do with something else. Or maybe his being the victim of burglary and robbery and murder had nothing to do with Pete's looking into the occurrence in space or something else. Maybe someone and not the person who's responsible for the occurrence in space really did burglarize Pete's place and killed Pete when he saw him and stole Pete's money for the sake of having Pete's money and spending it."

"Yeah. Anyone of those theories is possible."

"Yeah."

"Well. I think that's it. You can make your airplane and rented car and hotel reservations for Boise, and then you can go to Boise and carry out your assignments."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good luck, Micah."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"You're welcome, Micah," Then Mrs. Kincaid resumed her paperwork.

And *I* left.

CHAPTER III

The Silver Credit Card Company was here in downtown Boise. On Broadway Avenue. But the Silver Credit Card Company wasn't really the Silver Credit Card Company. Instead, the Silver Credit Card Company was really the cover name for the Boise station of the Apollo Bureau.

I was here at the Boise station of the Apollo Bureau now. I had made my hotel and airplane and rented car reservations for Boise, and then I had packed a bag and had gotten onto the plane to Boise, and when I had arrived here in Boise, I had gotten my rented car and drove over to the hotel and checked into it, and then I was showed up to my room, and then I had unpacked and had taken a shower and a nap. I had needed to sleep off the jet lag. Then I had called the

Boise station of the Apollo Bureau and had made an appointment to talk to Lauren Roberts, the head of the Apollo Bureau's station here in Boise, and the CIA, about the investigation of the occurrence in space. And when I had arrived here at the Apollo Bureau's station here in Boise, I had met Lauren and Stephanie Bell, one of the CIA agents who was working with us on the investigation of the occurrence in space. Now all three of us were here inside Lauren's big white office and sitting around her big maple desk and sipping coffee.

"Mrs. Kincaid told me that you're looking into the occurrence in space as well as we are because you guys want to know what's going on as much as the President does." I said to Stephanie.

"That's right," Stephanie confirmed. "Especially since that rocket destroyed the brass ball after it did those other things to the ball. If the person who destroyed the ball and did the other things to the ball with the

rocket, then that would mean that whoever this person is that's using the rocket is a threat of some kind."

"I thought so, too," I said.

"So did I," Lauren said.

"And since he destroyed the ball as well as he did the other things to the ball with the rocket, then that would mean that he can destroy something as well as he can control it," *I* said. "And maybe that's what he wants to do: destroy something as well as control it. And maybe he was demonstrating his power. That would explain the rocket's appearing when it did. The person who operates the rocket must have found out that the brass ball was going to be in the air and took advantage of its being there so he could demonstrate his power. Or maybe he was finding out if his power works. After he created his rocket, he sent it up into space and looked around for the brass ball to experiment his rocket on. And found it and controlled it and destroyed it. And after he

demonstrated his power or found out his rocket works, he turned the rocket around and took it back to the place it had come from."

"Either theory makes sense," Stephanie said.

"Have you found out anything about the occurrence in space?" I asked both Lauren and Stephanie. "Anything important?"

"Well, we didn't find out where exactly the rocket comes from and goes back to," Stephanie told me. "But we have found out that the rocket comes from and goes back to somewhere on someone's property."

"We found out who owns that property and ran a check on him," Lauren said, then took a file off of her desk and gave it to me.

I looked through the file.

"His name is Deke Calew," Lauren continued. "He owns a ranch he calls the Plains. He's lived here in Boise for a long time. He still lives here in Boise. He was a

lieutenant in the Army. Honorably discharged."

"We also found out that some people go over to his place every weekend," Stephanie told me. "Some military people; one Navy man and one Army man and one Marine man and one Air Force man and one Coast Guard man."

"Military people," I wondered about this.

"That's right," Stephanie said.

"Well, why are they going out to Calew's place every weekend?"

"We're trying to find that out. Right now we're doing drive by surveillance. We can't stake out the place since Calew's ranch is out in wide open country."

"Of course."

"But we haven't found out anything yet, but we're still doing the drive by surveillance."

"Good."

"What about getting inside Calew's place to search it? Have you done that?"

"Not yet. But we will. All we've done so far is the drive by surveillance."

"I see. Have you found out who these military people are?"

"Yes, we have."

Then Lauren took some more files off of her desk and gave them to me.

I looked through them. I spoke to Lauren again: "Have we investigated them?"

"No, but we will."

"Good. What about getting onto Calew's land while it's dark out and searching it? Have we done that?"

"Not yet," Stephanie said. "But we will."

Then I told Stephanie and Lauren what my second assignment here in Boise was.

"Yes, we know," Lauren said after I had finished. "Mrs. Kincaid told me when she called me and told me she was having you work with us on the investigation of the occurrence in space."

"Then Ms Roberts told me about your second assignment here in Boise after Mrs. Kincaid told *her,*" Stephanie told me.

Then I told Stephanie and Lauren what my theories were for Pete's being the victim of burglary and robbery and murder.

"Yes," Lauren said after I had finished. "One of those theories is possible."

"Yes," *I* said. "One of those theories *is* possible." Then I looked at my watch, and then I spoke to both Lauren and Stephanie again: "What I think we should do is this: I read these files that Ms Roberts gave me, and then I go back to my hotel and get something to eat and get some sleep, and you guys leave and go get something to eat and get some sleep, and then all three of us meet back here at HQ tomorrow and work out our plan of action."

Lauren and Stephanie agreed to that.

I nodded.

"Would you like for all of us to meet back here at my office tomorrow morning at ten o'clock?" Lauren asked me.

"All right," I said. "Ten o'clock tomorrow morning here at your office is fine."

"Good," Then Lauren got up to put on her light blue waist length coat and collect her shineless brown shoulder strap handbag and leave with Stephanie and me.

She was tall, slender, had long blonde hair, an oval shaped face, a creamy pallor complexion, blue eyes, a reddened full mouth, and she was wearing a white blouse and a light blue skirt and flesh tone stockings and shiny black high heel shoes.

And Stephanie got up to collect her shiny black shoulder strap handbag and leave with Lauren and me.

She was tall, plump, had long, thick black hair, a rectangular face, green eyes, a creamy light tan complexion, orange lips that weren't thick, but they weren't thin, either, and she was wearing a brown waist

length coat and matching tight fitting skirt and matching shiny high heel shoes and a light brown turtle neck sweater.

Then she and Lauren and I left Lauren's office.

CHAPTER IV

A few days later, I was driving into the country while it was nice and dark out so I could sneak onto Calew's land and search it. Lauren and her people and Stephanie and *her* people and I had met at Lauren's office and had worked out our plan of action and had gotten ready to carry out the plan. Then we had separated so we could carry out our individual parts in the plan, and *I* had gone over to Pete Henderson's place and had searched that to see if his being the victim of burglary and robbery and murder had or hadn't anything to do with his looking into the occurrence in space before I had gone out into the country so I could sneak onto Calew's land and search it. I hadn't found anything at Pete's place that could tell me if his being the victim of burglary and robbery

and murder had or hadn't anything to do with his looking into the occurrence in space. Which meant that if his being the victim of burglary and robbery and murder had something to do with his looking into the occurrence in space, then that would mean that the person who was responsible for the occurrence in space had found out that Pete had been looking into the occurrence and had killed him to keep him from looking any further into the occurrence and to keep him from telling someone what he had discovered about the occurrence and had found and had destroyed all evidence of Pete's looking into the occurrence. Or maybe Pete had hid the evidence of his investigation of the occurrence somewhere else and not at his place so the person who had caused the occurrence couldn't find it and destroy it before Pete could tell someone what he had found out about the occurrence. He could only kill Pete to keep him from telling someone what he had

found out about the occurrence and did. Or maybe Pete's being the victim of burglary and robbery and murder had to do with something else and not the occurrence in space. Or maybe Pete's being the victim of burglary and robbery and murder had been real. Someone and not the person who was responsible for the occurrence in space had burglarized Pete's place and had killed Pete when he had seen Pete and stole the money from Pete's cash box and wallet for the sake of having Pete's money and spending it. Then I had left Pete's place. I had been done there. Now I was driving through the country so I could go over to Calew's place and sneak onto it and search it. Then, I sat up erectly and my gaze became fixed.

Someone was running across the street and onto Calew's land from his car. His car was parked on the other side of the road and in the opposite direction of where I was coming from. I wondered about this. Then I drove passed the car, and when I was a few

yards away from it, I pulled off of the road and onto the shoulder and parked my rented goldenrod Cougar with black hardtop here. Then I looked out the car to see what the person was doing. But I couldn't see what he was doing because of how dark it was now. So I took my pocket size binoculars out of my pocket and pressed the infrared button on it, and then I looked through the binoculars to see what the person was doing now. I didn't see him there. Then I got out my pocket size electronic ear and turned it on and listened. I heard the person walking around on Calew's property, but that was all. Then I put the electronic ear back into my pocket, and then I got out of my car and ran over to the person's car to search it.

I reached the person's car: a green Camaro. Then I took my gloves out of my pocket and put them on, and then I took my lock pick set out of my pocket and picked the lock of one of the doors of the car and put my lock pick set back into my pocket

and got into the car so I could search it. The first thing I looked for was the registration card. I found it and read the information on it. It said that the car belonged to Debra Montgomery. I took my Apollo Bureau cell phone out of my pocket and called Apollo Bureau Boise HQ and asked Lauren to run a check on this Debra Montgomery and told Lauren what I saw and heard this person who had run from the Camaro and onto Calew's land was doing and that I was searching the Camaro right now.

"Maybe this person who ran from the Camaro and onto Calew's land for some reason *is* Debra Montgomery," I then said to Lauren. "Or maybe he's someone else who's using Debra Montgomery's car and came out here to Calew's land and parked it here across the street from Calew's land and ran onto Calew's land for some reason."

"Well, what is one of these people doing on Calew's land?" Lauren asked.

"I don't know," *I* said. "But I think we'd better find out. Maybe what one of these people is doing on Calew's land has to do with the occurrence in space, or maybe what one of these people is doing on Calew's land has to do with something else. We should find out which."

"I agree. I'll find out what I can about Debra Montgomery and get back to you." Then Lauren hung up.

So did I. Then I put my Apollo Bureau cell phone back into my pocket and continued searching the car and continued watching and listening to what the person who had run from the Camaro and onto Calew's land was doing. But I didn't find anything inside the Camaro that could tell me why Debra or the other person had parked the Camaro on the other side of the road and why Debra or the other person had run onto Calew's land. Then I took a combination bug and homing device out of my pocket and put it underneath the

dashboard of the Camaro, and then I got out of the car and locked the door, and then I ran back to *my* car and got into it and continued listening to what Debra or the other person was doing, and continued watching what Debra or the other person was doing. Although I didn't see what one of these people on the land. I only heard one of these people doing the same thing on the land that one of them had done before.

Lauren called me back. Then she told me what she had found out about Debra: she had lived here in Boise all of her life, and she still lived here in Boise, and she was in the business of finding missing people and property. Did most of her work for insurance companies and U.S. Customs.

"I see," I said. Then I told Lauren I had finished searching the Camaro and what I found inside it and that I had put my combination bug and homing device underneath the dashboard of the Camaro. "Since we'll need to find out what this Debra

Montgomery or this person is doing on Calew's land," I then told Lauren. "I'm going to search Calew's land later and follow and watch Debra Montgomery or this other person right now."

"Of course."

Then, I heard this loud sound. It sounded like the roar of a wild animal. I looked to where I heard it.

"What was that?" Lauren asked.

"I don't know," I then told Lauren. Then, I saw something. And it was getting bigger and bigger with each passing second: it was a girl, fleeing from the roar. And she was running across Calew's land and I told Lauren what the girl was doing and what she looked like: she was five ten, a hundred and twenty pounds, and she had brown hair and even features.

"That's Debra Montgomery," Lauren told me.

"I see," I said. Then I told Lauren what Debra was wearing right now; a brown

corduroy coat and a black turtleneck sweater and olive green pants and black tennis shoes, and the strap of her shineless dark red-orange shoulder strap handbag was around her chest. Then, I saw what Debra was doing now and told Lauren what Debra was doing now: she ran off of Calew's land and over to the Camaro and took her keys out of her purse and unlocked the Camaro, and then she got into the Camaro and took her purse off and put it on the front seat of the car, and then she started up the car and made a U turn and turned onto the road and drove back in the direction I had come from. Then I told Lauren I was going to follow and watch Debra right now. After that we hung up, and then I put my Apollo Bureau cell phone back into my pocket, and then I started up *my* car, and then I pulled off of the shoulder and made a U turn and turned onto the road and drove back in the same direction I had come from so I could follow and watch Debra.

Debra's place was on Chinden Blvd. It was a white one-story house, with a burnt orange roof, and a matching garage.

I saw Debra pull into the driveway of her place and drive up to and stop at the garage. And then I saw her get out of her car and walk over to the garage and pull up the garage door and get back into her car and drive into the garage and park her car there. Then I saw her get out of her car and walk out of the garage and pull down the garage door and walk over to her house so she could go into it. This time I saw the strap of her purse resting on her right shoulder, and her right was grasping the strap of her purse. *I* pulled over to the curb on the other side of the street and parked my car here and watched Debra's place. Then I saw another car pull up to the curb on the opposite side of the street and a few feet away from Debra's place and park there. It was a brown Impala. Then I saw two men inside the car.

Then I saw them look around the area. Then I saw them get out of the car.

The man who had been driving the Impala was tall and lean and had auburn hair and hazel eyes and the face of a dog, and he was wearing a burgundy coat and a yellow shirt and gray pants and black leather shoes, and the other man who had been sitting in the front seat of the Impala was tall and husky and had light brown hair and blue-green eyes and the face of a bird, and he was wearing a light brown suit and a white shirt, no tie, open collar, and mahogany brown shoes, and both men were wearing black gloves.

Then, I stopped and suddenly and looked.

Both of those men ran into the back of Debra's house. I wondered about this. Then, quickly, I looked at the license plate of the car the men had been in, but I couldn't see if very well, so I took my binoculars out of my pocket and looked at the license plate, and

then I took my pen and notebook out of my pocket and wrote down the number of the license plate of the car and the kind of car the men had been in, and then I put my binoculars and pen and notebook back into my pocket, and then I got out of *my* car and ran across the street so I could go over to Debra's house and see what it was those two men were doing.

When I got here, I got up against the wall and whipped out my Browning 9mm and walked cautiously over to the edge of the house to see what was going on beyond the edge of the house.

When I got here, I looked over the edge of the house. Then, I heard something. And it sounded like it was coming from inside the house. It sounded like a ruckus of some kind. I looked at the window in the side door of the house. A light inside the house was on. Then, the light was turned off. Then I ran over to the side door of the house and opened it, and then I stepped into the house

and felt around for a light switch. I felt it. It was on the wall. I turned it on. Then, I stopped suddenly and my gaze became fixed.

One of the men had both of his hands on one of Debra's arms, and the other man had both of *his* hands on Debra's other arm, and both of the men were trying to drag Debra out of the kitchen.

"Let's get out of here!" one of the men said to the other when he and the other man and Debra saw me. Then both men let go of Debra and pushed her into me.

"Are you all right?" I asked Debra.

She said she was, looking up at me with those big green eyes of hers.

Then I ran after the men. I had seen which direction they had run in: towards the front of the house.

When I got into the living room, I saw the door to the living room. It was wide open. It looked like the two men had run out of the front door of the house so they could get back to the car and escape. I looked

outside the house. I didn't see or hear anything going on outside the housed. Then, I heard something. I looked to where I heard it. Then I saw and heard the Impala speeding away. No doubt the two men were escaping. Quickly I closed the door. I didn't want any innocent bystanders to see what was going on inside Debra's place. Then I turned around so I could go back to Debra. Then I saw the light inside Debra's light green living room and Debra standing inside the living room. Debra must have come into the living room and had turned on the light after she had run to where *I* had run to to see what was going on. I holstered my gun and spoke to her: "It looked like they tried to abduct you."

"Yes, it does," she confirmed.

CHAPTER V

A few minutes later, Lauren and some of her people, and Stephanie and some of *her* people, were here at Debra's place. I had called Lauren and had told her what I had seen happen here at Debra's place and that I had kept the two men from abducting Debra and asked her to find out who the two men were who had tried to abduct Debra and find out who owns the Impala and told Lauren what the two men looked like. Then Lauren had told me she'll try to find out who the two men were who had tried to abduct Debra and try to find out who owns the Impala and that she was going to call Stephanie and tell her what she and I had talked about and that they were going to meet me here at Debra's place for consultation. Now Stephanie and Lauren

and Debra and I were sitting around the big cedar table here inside Debra's big, spacious light green kitchen, and Stephanie's people and Lauren's people were standing around the table. We told Debra that we were government agents, but that was all we told her. We didn't tell her what organizations we worked for. But she didn't hassle us about it. Then we told her what we were looking into and what we had found out so far.

"I think I know why they tried to abduct you," I told Debra. "It has to do with your being on Deke Calew's property: you were investigating something on his property, and then that roar you heard scared you off of the property so that someone could keep you from finding out what you wanted to find out on Calew's land, and then that someone called the two men in the Impala and told them to abduct you and take you to the someone so the someone could find what you found out on Calew's land and to

keep you from telling someone what you found out on Calew's land."

"Yeah," Debra said. "Makes sense."

"My guess is that the person who wanted to have you abducted and find out what you found out on Calew's land and keep you from telling someone what you found out on Calew's land is Calew himself or someone one else. What were you trying to find out on Calew's land?"

"I don't know. But whatever it was, I saw it come from the sky. It went down towards Calew's land. I wondered what it was and went onto Calew's land to find out what it was."

"Why were you out in that area? What were you doing before you saw this thing in the sky?"

"I was driving home at that time from seeing a friend. Then I saw the thing in the sky, and then I saw it go down in the direction of Calew's land, and then I went

onto Calew's land to find out what the thing in the sky was."

"I see. Well, maybe what you saw was the rocket going back to where it came from. And if so, then that would mean that the person who's responsible for causing the occurrence in space must have had a reason for putting the rocket in space again."

"But what reason could he have for putting the rocket in space again?"

"I don't know. Maybe another experiment. Maybe another demonstration. Although we haven't heard about anything else that had been manipulated by this rocket. Which meant that maybe the person who's responsible for causing the occurrence in space was looking for something new to experiment on or demonstrate on, but he dint find it. And so he returned the rocket."

"I see."

"And if these people tried to abduct you to find out what you found out on Calew's land and to keep you from telling someone

what you found out on Calew's land," Lauren pointed out to Debra. "then they may try to abduct you again to find out what you found out on Calew's land and to keep you from telling someone what you found out on Calew's land."

"But I don't think they'll try it again later tonight and here at your place," I told Debra. "Which means that they'll try to abduct you again at another time and at another place. Or, they may try to abduct you again at another time and at *your* place." Then I looked at both Lauren and Stephanie and spoke to them: "Because of these theories, we should move Ms Montgomery around from one place to another so they can't find her and try to abduct her again and put her under twenty four hour protective surveillance in case they find her and try to abduct her again."

"Of course," Stephanie said.

"Yeah," Lauren agreed.

"It's just until we find out what's going on and stop these people from doing it." I said.

Lauren and Stephanie agreed to that.

Then I looked at Debra and suggested to her that she collect some clothes. Then she left the kitchen to go into her bedroom and get the clothes.

"We found out who owns the Impala and who the two men are who tried to abduct Ms Montgomery," Lauren told me. "Dirk Greene and Stan Dayton. They work for the security department of Droyt Industries, a company that makes computers and computerized items and robots. Droyt Industries has been in business for years. Good reputation."

"Well, that's interesting," I said. "Droyt Industries is a reputable company that makes computers and computerized items and robots yet two men from Droyt Industries' security department try to abduct a person who looks for missing people and property. Probably because of what Ms

Montgomery discovered on Calew's land. Maybe the other people who work at Droyt Industries don't know what the two men were doing. Or maybe they *do* know what they were doing. They're in on what they're doing. Because of that last theory, we should put Droyt Industries under twenty four hour surveillance."

"We'll do that," Lauren said. "We've already put Dirk Greene and Stan Dayton under twenty four hour surveillance. We haven't searched their places and bugged their places and tapped their landline phones there yet, but we will."

"Good. It might help if we stake out Ms Montgomery's place and bug her place and tap her landline phone here. Dirk Greene and Stan Dayton might burglarize Ms Montgomery's place again and try to abduct Ms Montgomery again. But if they discover she's not here, they might wonder about it. And whatever they say or do at that time

might help us find out why they tried to abduct Ms Montgomery."

"We'll take care of it," Lauren said. "We also found out who owns the Impala: Dirk Greene."

"Well, if we can search his car and bug it and put a homing device on it, that might help. If I knew his address I could go over there tonight and search his car and bug it and put a homing device on it. There's the possibility that I could search his car and put a bug inside it and put a homing device in it tonight since Greene might be home right now. We could search Greene's place and bug it and tap the landline phone there tomorrow since Greene would be at work tomorrow. Save us the job of getting into his place and search it and bug it and tap the landline phone there tonight."

Then Lauren told me where Greene lived and how to get there, and I got out my pen and notebook and wrote down in the

notebook Greene's address and the directions on how to get to his place.

"We're putting those military people under twenty four hour surveillance right now," Stephanie told me. "But so far they haven't said or done anything out of the ordinary. They go to work, and on the weekend, they go over to Calew's place. But that's all they do."

"I see. We'll still need to get on Calew's land and look around there."

"Of course. I've thought of a way where we can get into Calew's house and bug it and search it and tap the landline phone or phones there," Lauren told me. "But I'm afraid I'm going to have to have one of *my* men do it. If *you* do it, the person who's responsible for causing the occurrence in space may find out you're doing it and kidnap you and interrogate you and kill you. My guess is that the two men who tried to abduct Ms Montgomery may have told their employer what you look like and then that

person is trying to find out who you are, or maybe he *has* found out who you are."

"Yeah. And if he is trying to find out who I am, or he has found out who I am, then maybe he's going to have me put under twenty four hour surveillance until he's found out why I'm here in Boise, and then he decides what to do with me, and does it."

"Yeah."

"But that could work for us: if they follow and watch me for their employer until their employer has found out why I'm here in Boise, and until their employer's decided to do with me, they could bring themselves out into the open. And if they do, we could capture them and interrogate them."

"Yeah. We could do that. There would be the possibility that they would come out into the open if they follow you and watch you until their employer has found out why you're here in Boise and until he's decided what to do with you. It'd be dangerous. But it is a possibility."

"Yeah. It is," Stephanie agreed "We'll put you under twenty four hour surveillance,"

"Good."

"And we'll continue doing the drive by surveillance on Calew's land," Lauren told me.

"Good," I said.

Debra came back into the kitchen, with her purse resting on her right shoulder, and her right hand grasping the strap of her purse, and she was carrying her banana yellow suitcase in her left hand. Then she spoke to us: "I'm ready to go."

"Good," I said to her. Then I told her that we were going to stake out her place and tap her landline phone here and bug her place and why we were going to do these things.

"I see," she said after I had finished. "Well, I'll still need to leave a light on inside the place while I'm gone. For the sake of protection. Not only that, if I don't leave a light on inside the place, it might make Greene and Dayton suspicious."

I thought about that. Then I spoke: "Of course."

"I'll be right back," Then Debra set her purse and suitcase down on the floor and left the kitchen. Then she came back into the kitchen and told us she had turned on the light in one of the unoccupied rooms of the house. Then one of Lauren's people tapped the cream white landline phone here inside Debra's kitchen, and one of Stephanie's people went into the living room and put a bug underneath the white coffee table, and another one of Lauren's men went out to Debra's garage and went into it and bugged it and bugged Debra's car, and Lauren told one of *her* people to stay here at Debra's place and stake it out, and Stephanie told her that she'll have *her* people take turns with Lauren's people on staking out Debra's place. Then Debra collected her purse and suitcase, and then she and the rest of us left and Debra closed and locked the side door of her place.

CHAPTER VI

I was driving over to Greene's place now. As I drove over there, I looked out the rear- and side view mirrors of my car to see if Greene or Dayton or anyone else working with them were following and watching me right now. There would be the possibility that any one of them was following me and watching me right now. I didn't see anyone following and watching me. Which meant that maybe no one *was* following and watching me, or someone *was* following and watching me, but they were staying out of sight to keep me from seeing them following and watching me.

I also took indirect routes over to Greene's place to prevent such surveillance.

Here in downtown Boise, Lauren checked Debra into a hotel and told Debra

that she and her people and Stephanie and *her* people were going to stake out the hotel and follow and watch her whenever she leaves the hotel for some reason so they can keep her under twenty four hour protective surveillance. Lauren told Debra it would be all right for Debra to leave the hotel for some reason since she was going to be under twenty four hour protective surveillance. Not only that, this might help bring out into the open Greene or Dayton or anyone else working with them so they could capture Greene or Dayton or anyone else working with them and interrogate them as well as keep them from trying to abduct Debra again. It would be dangerous. But there would be the possibility that Greene or Dayton or anyone else working with them would come out into the open if they were going to find Debra and try to abduct her again.

Here at Debra's place, Burt Collins, one of Lauren's people, was in his yellow Subaru

he had parked across the street from Debra's place and watching Debra's place.

Lauren and the rest of her people went home. They were going to call it a night. They could continue doing their parts in the plan of action tomorrow, and Stephanie and *her* people went back to their hotel to call it a night. *They* could continue doing *their* parts in the plan tomorrow, too.

Greene's place was on Eagle Road. It was an apartment.

I arrived here at Greene's place and looked all around me. I saw Greene's car. It was parked against the curb on the same side of the street that Greene's apartment was on. I pulled up to the curb on the other side of the street and parked my car here. Then I looked up at the apartment building that Greene lived in. I thought. Greene must be at home right now if his car were here at his place. Or maybe he wasn't at home right now. Maybe he had walked over to some other place from *his* place for some reason.

Then I looked around to make sure that no one was going to see me get into Greene's car and search it. No one was around. Then I took my gloves out of my pocket and put them on, and then I got out of my car and crossed the street and went over to Greene's car.

When I got to Greene's car, I took my lock pick set out of my pocket and picked the lock of the door of the front seat of Greene's car and got into the car and put the lock pick set back into my pocket, and then I took my pen light out of my pocket and turned it on and searched the front seat of Greene's car. Nothing here. Then I took a combination homing device and bug out of my pocket and put it underneath the dashboard of Greene's car, and then I snuck out of the front seat of the car and closed and locked the door, and then I took my lock pick set out of my pocket and picked the lock of the door of the back seat of the car and opened the door and got into the

back seat and put my lock pick set back into my pocket and searched the back seat of the car. Nothing here. Then I got out of the car and closed and locked the door, and then I picked the lock on the door of the trunk of the car and opened the door, and then I shined the light of my pen light into the trunk to see what was in the trunk. Nothing. Then I turned the pen light off and put it back into my pocket, and then I closed and locked the trunk door. Then I ran back to my car and got into it and started it up and drove away from Greene's place, taking indirect routes away from Greene's place so I wouldn't be followed and watched, and then I took out of my pocket the radio to the combination homing device and bug and turned it on and listened to it. Although nothing was going on inside Greene's car right now. But, of course, that didn't mean that nothing was going to happen inside his car later.

When I came to the nearest alley, I pulled up to it and looked inside it. There was a garbage bin inside it. Quickly I parked my car here and looked around to make sure no one was going to see me destroy Greene's address. I was going to need to destroy Greene's address. I couldn't have it on me in case Greene or Dayton or anyone else working with them would capture me and interrogate me and shake me down tonight or at some other time before their employer finds out why I'm here in Boise and decides what to do with me and does it. They'd want to know why I had Greene's address, and I couldn't tell them why I had it. No one was here. Then I got out of my car and ran into the alley and over to the garbage bin, and then I took my notebook out of my pocket and looked at Greene's address and the directions on how to get to his place, and then I tore the paper I had written Greene's address and directions on how to get to his place on out of the notebook, and then I put

my notebook back into my pocket, and then I took my cigarette lighter out of my pocket and burned the paper I had written Greene's address and directions on how to get to his place on, and then I tossed the paper into the garbage bin and watched the flames eat up the paper. Now the paper was ash. Then I ran out of the alley and back to my car and got into the car. Then I took my gloves off and put them in my pocket. I wasn't going to need to use them anymore right now. Then I started up my car and pulled away from the alley and into the street and drove down the street, taking indirect routes away from the alley so I wouldn't be followed and watched.

I was getting hungry, so I looked around for a good place to eat at. I found it and went over to it.

When I got here, I saw some newspapers inside a vending machine outside the coffee shop. After I parked my car here inside the parking lot of the coffee shop, I went over to the vending machine and bought two

newspapers from it. Although I wasn't going to read both papers. Instead, I was going to use them as part of my plan to keep the wrong people from braking into my hotel room and do what they want to do inside my hotel room.

Here inside the coffee shop, I had coffee and a hamburger. And for dessert I had strawberry ice cream on loganberry pie.

I felt better after I had eaten. Then I left a nice tip on the counter and paid the check and left the coffee shop, taking indirect routes away from the coffee shop to the hotel.

As I drove over to the hotel, I looked out the rear- and side view mirrors of my car to see if I were being followed and watched. It looked like I wasn't. Either I wasn't being followed and watched, or I *was* being followed and watched, but the person who was following and watching me was staying out of sight to keep me from seeing him following me and watching me.

The Safari Inn was here in downtown Boise. On West Grove Street.

I was here at the Safari Inn and inside my hotel room now. I checked the room to see if it had been bugged or if the phone had been tapped or both while I had been out. The room wasn't bugged, and the phone wasn't tapped.

In other words, the room and the phone were clean. I liked that. Then I walked over to the door of my room. It was time now to keep the wrong people from braking into my hotel room and do what they want to do inside my hotel room.

When I reached the door, I locked it, and then I put the chair underneath the knob of the door, and then I spread some of the papers from one of the newspapers I had bought from the vending machine outside the coffee shop I had eaten at on the floor and away from the chair. Then I went over to the window to make sure it was locked. It was. Then I placed the rest of the papers

from the first newspaper on the floor below the window. Then I went into the bathroom to check the window here. It was small. Probably too small for someone to get through. But just the same, I was going to set up the bathroom for burglary prevention. I put some of the papers from the other newspaper I had bought from the vending machine outside the coffee shop I had eaten at inside the bathtub. Then I spread more of the papers from *this* newspaper all over the bathroom floor. Now the entire bathroom was set up for burglar prevention. Then I left the bathroom door open and put the rest of the papers from the newspaper on the floor leading out of the bathroom and into the bedroom. Then I set the alarm clock for a time I wanted to get up at tomorrow, and then I got undressed and put my gun underneath the pillow, and put the radio to the combination homing device and bug I had put inside Greene's car on one of the

bedside tables, and then I turned off the light and got into bed and went to sleep.

I was up early the next day. I *had* gotten up at the time I had wanted to get up at. Then I had disassembled the burglary prevention apparatus I had assembled last night, and then I had called room service and had ordered breakfast. Now I was sitting in front of the TV and watching it and eating my breakfast; bacon, scrambled eggs, hash browns, and washing all of this down with black coffee and orange juice, and listening to the radio to the combination homing device and bug I had put inside Green's car. But so far I didn't hear anything going on inside Greene's car. Which meant that no one--including Greene--was inside the car and doing something or talking or both.

The radio to the combination homing device and bug I had put inside Greene's car was on the same table my breakfast was on. My voice recorder and my Apollo Bureau cell phone were on that table, too. I had put the

radio and my voice recorder and my Apollo Bureau cell phone on that table after the waiter had brought my breakfast up to me, and after I had signed for my breakfast, and after I had tipped the waiter, and after the waiter had left. The reason why I had the TV on while I was listening to the radio to the combination homing device and bug I had put inside Greene's car was because I didn't want anyone outside my hotel room to hear whatever *I'd* hear on the radio. Then I heard something on the radio. Then I stopped eating and listened and turned on the voice recorder. It *was* coming from Greene's car. It sounded like Greene was unlocking the door of his car and getting into his car and closed the door. Then, I heard another sound: a phone ringing. Then I heard the ringing stop.

"Hello," it was Greene. I recognized his voice from the time I had seen him and Dayton at Debra's place trying to abduct Debra and then he and Dayton and Debra

had seen me and then Greene had said, "Let's get of here," to Dayton. And then Greene and Dayton had escaped.

"Hello," the voice on the other end said. I didn't recognize *his* voice. "It's Chet."

"Chet. How are ya?"

"Fine. You?"

"Fine."

"Great. We found out who that man is that saw you and Stan try to get Debra Montgomery. His name is Micah Folster. He's an investigator for Realm Insurance. He's from Washington, D.C."

"An insurance investigator, huh? Well, what's he doing here in Boise?"

"I don't know. But they've got to find out. He was probably out there around the Plains for some reason and he must have seen what Debra Montgomery was doing out at the Plains and followed her to her place after she was scared off the Plains so he could find out what she was doing out at the Plains and why. And while they try to find out why this

Micah Folster is here in Boise, we've got to find him and keep him in our sights until they've found out why he's here in Boise, and until they've decided what to do with him, and do it. And we stay out of Folster's sight while we keep him our sights so he doesn't see us following him and watching him."

"I see. Well, what about Debra Montgomery? Do we still have to get her?"

"Yes, we do. They still need to know why she was out at the Plains, then decide what to do with her and do it."

"I see."

"So instead of coming to work today, you and Stan and some of the others guys find Folster and keep him in your sights and try to get Debra Montgomery again, and the rest of us will be at Security and help you out on finding Folster and keeping him in your sights and try to get Debra Montgomery again from Security. One of us or some of us will need to be at Security while the rest of us are out in the field. You know that."

"Yes, I do."

Then Chet mentioned the names of the people who could help Greene and Dayton find me and keep me in their sights and try to abduct Debra again. "I told them they could work with you and Stan on finding Folster and keeping him in your sights and try to get Debra Montgomery again while the rest of us help you out on finding Folster and keeping him in your sights and try to get Debra Montgomery again from Security." Chet continued. "All you have to do is get a hold of them, and then all of you can find Folster and keep him in your sights and try to get Debra Montgomery again while the rest of us help you out on finding and keeping Folster in your sights and try to get Debra Montgomery again from Security. I'll call Mr. Droyt and tell *him* we got our orders about Folster and Debra Montgomery."

"Of course."

"And then he'll tell *them* we got our orders about Folster and Debra Montgomery."

"Of course. Anything else, Chet?"

"No, that's it. Bye."

"Bye."

Then Chet hung up.

So did Greene. Then I heard Greene call Stan and those other people Chet said could work with Greene and Dayton on finding me and keeping me in their sights and try to get Debra again while Chet and those other people help out Greene and Dayton and the other people on finding and keeping me in their sights and try to get Debra again from Security and tell them everything that he and Chet had talked about and suggested to them that they meet somewhere and work out their plan of action on how to find me and keep me in their sights and try to get Debra again while Chet and those other people help them out on finding me and keeping me in their sights and try to get

Debra again from Security. Then they decided on where and when to meet and work out their plan of action. Then they hung up. And *I* turned the recorder off and thought. In the phone conversation that Greene and this Chet had had they had said that they had to try to *get* Debra again. They hadn't said that they had to try to *abduct* Debra again. Which meant that they had to be careful about what to say on the phone. Then I turned the recorder back on and listened to the recording. After I heard the recording, I turned the recorder off and picked up my Apollo Bureau cell phone and called Lauren at Apollo Bureau Boise HQ so I could tell her about the phone conversations I had just heard inside Greene's car.

CHAPTER VII

I got a hold of Lauren at Apollo Bureau Boise HQ and told her to scramble. Then I heard her press the scrambling button on *her* Apollo Bureau phone, and then she said, "Scrambled," to me, and then I told her about the phone conversations I had just heard inside Greene's car, and then I played the recording of those conversations to her.

"Well," she said after she and I had finished listening to the recording and after I had turned the recorder off. "It looks like this Chet and this Droyt and these other people that Greene and this Chet talked about, and *them,* and the Plains are connected."

"Yes, I does," I confirmed.

"I'm going to run a check on this Chet and this Droyt and these other people that

Greene and this Chet talked about and put all of them under twenty four hour surveillance and search and bug their places and tap their landline phones there and stake out Dayton's place. We won't be able to get inside Dayton's place and search it and tap the landline phone there before Dayton and Greene and those other people meet at Dayton's place and work out their plan of action on how to find you and keep you in their sights and try to abduct Debra Montgomery again while this Chet and those other people are helping out Greene and Dayton and the other people on finding and keeping you in their sights and try to abduct Debra Montgomery again from Security. But we will get into Dayton's place and search it and bug it and tap the landline phone there after Greene and Dayton and those other people have their meeting at Dayton's place. What we can and will do before they have their meeting is shoot a miniaturized radio dart into the wall outside the place and

above and near the living room window so we can hear what they're talking about."

"Good."

"Finding out who *they* are isn't going to be easy. There's nothing about *them* to go on."

"I know. But my guess is that *they* found out who I am and want to know why I'm here Boise and have me kept in sight until they decide what to do with me and do it and try to abduct Debra Montgomery again. Then *they* called Droyt and told him what *they* want to do about Debra Montgomery and me and why, and then Droyt called Chet and told him what *they* told Droyt, and then Chet called Greene and told him what Droyt told Chet."

"Yeah. We ran a check on those military people: they're clean, respected. They've been in their respective services for years, and they've lived here in Boise for years, and they still live here in Boise."

"They're clean, huh? Well, maybe they are. Yet they go out to the Plains every weekend. Well, maybe they don't know what's going on out at the Plains, or maybe they *do* know what's going on out at the Plains and their going out to the Plains every weekend has to do with what's going on out at the Plains."

"We're looking into those theories as well as we're still investigating the military people."

"How's Ms Montgomery?"

"She's doing all right. For someone who was almost abducted. She stayed inside her hotel room last night and watched TV, and then she went out and got something to eat. She doesn't look, sound, or act like she was upset about the attempted abduction."

"Well, that's good. Probably because her job has hardened her. And it's good that we're letting her do what she wants while we keep her under twenty four hour protective surveillance and move her around. This

might help. If Greene and Dayton and those other people find me and keep me in their sights and try to abduct Debra Montgomery again while Chet and those other people help out Greene and Dayton and the people with them on finding and keeping me in their sights and try to abduct Debra Montgomery again from Security find out they have to find Ms Montgomery to try to abduct her again, then they *will* try to find her to try to abduct her again, and if they *do* find her and try to abduct her again, then we'll capture them and interrogate them as well as keep them from trying to abduct Ms Montgomery again. It could be dangerous, but it might work."

"Yeah, it might. I told Ms Montgomery this when I checked her into a hotel. She understands this and likes it."

"Well, that's good. I don't want to know where she is right now. In case these people who want to know what Ms Montgomery

and I are doing capture me and interrogate me."

"I understand. Is there anything else, Mr. Folster?"

"No, that's it. Bye."

"Bye," Then Lauren hung up.

So did I. Then I put my Apollo Bureau cell phone back on the table and continued eating my breakfast and continued watching TV and continued listening in on Greene's car. But so far I didn't hear anything else going on inside the car that was out of the ordinary.

I felt better after I had eaten. Now I was having more coffee and continued watching TV and continued listening in on Greene's car. But so far I didn't hear anything inside the car that was out of the ordinary.

My Apollo Bureau cell phone rang. I picked it up and said hello.

"Hello," it was Lauren. "Mr. Folster?"

"Yes?"

"Please scramble."

I pressed the scrambling button on my Apollo Bureau cell phone and said, "Scrambled," to Lauren. Then Lauren spoke to me: "I found out who those people are that Greene and Chet talked about when Greene got into his car and Chet called him and they had their phone conversation about you and Ms Montgomery: Chet is Chet Andrews. He's the head of security for Droyt Industries. Droyt is Brent Droyt. He's the founder and owner of Droyt Industries. And those people who are going to work with Greene and Dayton on and finding you and keeping you in their sights and try to abduct Debra Montgomery again, and the people who are going to work with Chet on helping out Greene and Dayton and the people working with Greene and Dayton on finding and keeping you in their sights and try to abduct Debra Montgomery again from Security work for the security department of Droyt Industries."

"I see. Well, that's very interesting. And if all of these people work for the security department of Droyt Industries, and they have some connection with the Plains, then that would mean that other people or other departments of Droyt Industries, or all of the other people and all of the other departments of Droyt Industries, have some connection with the Plains as well as the security department of Droyt Industries has some connection with the Plains."

"Yeah. We're staking out Dayton's place now, and we shot the miniaturized radio dart into the wall outside Dayton's place and above and near the living room window, and now we can hear what's going on inside Dayton's place. Although we can't see what's going on inside Dayton's place. We'll get back to you and tell you what we heard at the meeting after the meeting's over."

"Of course. Then we'll work out and execute a plan of action."

"Of course. Right now our people and Ms Bell's people are ready to follow and watch Dayton and Greene and those other people after they have their meeting."

"Good."

"Haven't found out anything about *them.* But as I said, finding out about *them* isn't going to be easy."

"I know. Whatever we find out about *them*, that's what we find out."

"I know. The man I had go over to Calew's house and search it and bug it and tap the landline phone or phones there went over to Calew's house and searched it and bugged it and tapped the landline phones there. He posed an electrician. Said he had to run a routine check on Calew's house. He did run the routine check on Calew's house while he searched the house and bugged it and tapped the landline phones there. Now we're listening in on his house as well as we're doing the drive by surveillance on the

Plains. But so far we haven't heard anything out of the ordinary in the house."

"But, of course, that doesn't mean we won't hear anything out of the ordinary inside the house later. Maybe we *will* hear something out of the ordinary inside the house later, or maybe we won't."

"Of course."

"Anything else, Ms Roberts?"

"No. That's it. Bye."

Then Lauren and I hung up. Then I looked at the alarm clock on one of the bedside tables. Eleven thirty five.

There wasn't anything else about the assignment I could do until Lauren gets back to me and tells me what she and the others had heard at Dayton's place about the meeting about Debra and me. So I continued listening in on Greene's car and watching TV and sipping my coffee. But so far I didn't hear anything else unusual going on inside Greene's car.

About three hours later, Lauren called me back and told me to scramble. I did and told her I did. Then Lauren spoke to me: "The meeting at Dayton's place is over and everyone there is leaving Dayton's place now. We were able to hear what was going on at the meeting: they said that in order to find and keep you in their sights, they're going to find out what kind of car you're driving and find out what hotel you're staying at. After they do that, they'll keep you in their sights. Then Greene called Chet and told him how he and Greene and the others are going to find you and keep you in their sights, and then Greene is going to call Chet back and tell him what kind of car you're driving and where you're staying."

"I see. Then sooner or later Greene and Dayton and those other people working with them will find me and keep me in their sights while the rest of those people try to abduct Ms Montgomery again."

"That's right. When Greene and Dayton and those other people were at the meeting, Greene told Dayton and the other people that he and Dayton are going to try to abduct Ms Montgomery again at her place again."

"I had a feeling they're going to do that. But it makes sense: Ms Montgomery would think that they wouldn't try to abduct her again at her place again. She'd think that they'd try to abduct her again somewhere else and at a different time."

"Of course. But it's going to be interesting to see what happens when they discover she's not there."

"I know. I can't wait to find that out myself. Because of this, I'm going to hold off on getting onto the Plains and taking a look around there."

"All right. And then there are those military people: they will be going over to the Plains again this weekend."

"I know. But that weekend is two days from now. Because of that we'll have to go ahead as planned on what we need to do now."

"Of course."

"Anything else?"

"No. I think that's it for now. Good bye, Mr. Folster."

"Good bye, Ms Roberts."

Then Lauren and I hung up. And *I* continued watching TV and listening in on Greene's car and sipping coffee. But so far I didn't anything else unusual going on inside Greene's car.

Two hours later, I was taking a nap. I was getting sleepy so I had set up the room for burglary prevention again the same way I had done it before, and then I had set the alarm clock for a time I wanted to get up at later, and then I put my gun underneath the pillow and had gotten into bed and had gone to sleep.

Another two hours later, the alarm clock buzzed. I stirred, then came awake and turned the alarm clock off and looked at the time. The clock told me it was the time I wanted to get up at. Then I got out of bed to get dressed and go somewhere and get something to eat. I was getting hungry.

A few minutes later, I drove out of the parking lot of the hotel and turned onto the street.

I was driving down the street and looking around for a good place to eat at now.

My Apollo Bureau cell phone rang. I took it out of my pocket and said hello.

It was CIA agent Colleen Walker, one of the CIA agents who was working with the other CIA agents and the other Apollo Bureau agents on following and watching me and reporting the surveillance on me to Lauren and Stephanie. She told me to scramble and I did and I told her I did. Then she spoke to me again: "You're being followed."

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah. The person who's following you is Glenn Lister, one of Chet Andrews's men."

"Which means that he's also one of the people who's working with Greene and Dayton and the others on finding me and keeping me in their sights and try to abduct Ms Montgomery again while Chet and the others are helping out Greene and Dayton and the people working with them on finding me and keeping me in their sights and try to abduct Ms Montgomery again from Security."

"It has to be."

"They must have found out where I'm staying and what kind of I'm driving, and then Lister must have gone over to my hotel to start keeping me in his sights from the hotel."

"Yeah. He drives a silver Jaguar." Then Colleen told me the license plate number of the Jaguar.

I looked into the rear- and side mirrors of *my* car. I saw something silver driving behind me, but I couldn't make out if it were Lister following me or someone else. He wasn't driving near me. I spoke to Colleen again: "I see something silver driving behind me, but I can't see who it is that's driving or what kind of car he's driving. He's not driving close to me."

"Probably because he's driving far behind you so you don't see him, but he doesn't want to lose you."

"Of course."

"I'll tell Ms Roberts and Ms Bell about Lister and what he's doing now."

"Good."

"Bye."

"Bye," Then I hung up and put my Apollo Bureau cell phone back into my pocket. Then I continued looking out the rear- and side view mirrors of my car to see what Lister was doing while I continued driving down the street and looking around for a

good place to eat at. Lister was still following me the same way he had done before.

My Apollo Bureau cell phone rang again. I took it out of my pocket and said hello.

"Hello. Mr. Folster?"

"Yes?"

"It's Lauren Roberts. Please scramble."

I scrambled and said "Scrambled," to Lauren. Then Lauren told me that Colleen had called her and told her about the phone conversation that Colleen and I had just had about Lister. "Another thing that I need to talk to you about," Lauren continued. "is that we searched Dayton's place and bugged it and tapped the landline phone there after he and Greene and those other people had their meeting at Dayton's place and left. Dayton went somewhere and got something to eat when he left with everyone else after everyone else had their meeting. "Nothing at Dayton's place."

"Which means that maybe Dayton's keeping evidence of his operations at Droyt

Industries or somewhere else instead of at his place."

"Makes sense. We searched those other people's places and bugged them and tapped the landline phones there. Nothing at those places."

"Which means that maybe they're keeping evidence of *their* operations at Droyt Industries or at some other place instead of at *their* places."

"Makes sense. We searched the places of the other people who are working with Chet Andrews on helping out Greene and Dayton and the people working with them on finding you and keeping you in their sights and try to find Debra Montgomery again from Security and bugged their places and tapped the landline phones there. Nothing at *those* places."

"Maybe they, too, are keeping evidence of *their* operations at Droyt Industries or at some other place instead of at *their* places."

"Makes sense. We searched Chet Andrews's place and bugged it and tapped the landline phone there, too. Nothing there."

"Which means that he, too, is keeping evidence of *his* operations at Droyt Industries or at some other place instead of at *his* place."

"Makes sense. We're also staking out their places."

"Good."

"After Dayton went back to his place from going out and getting something to eat, he went back to his place, and he hasn't left his place. He's still at his place. And when we saw Greene leave Dayton's place after he and Dayton and the other people had their meeting at Dayton's place, we saw Greene go back to *his* place. He's still at his place. And he hasn't left it ever since he went back to it."

I thought about that. Then I spoke: "Perhaps he and Dayton are resting up for

what they have to do at Debra Montgomery's place tonight. They would want to do that."

"Makes sense."

"We'll know when you see them leave their places."

"Of course. We're also staking out Droyt Industries, and we also ran a check on Droyt. He is the founder and owner of Droyt Industries. Has been for years. Has lived here in Boise all of his life. Still lives here in Boise. Respected. We also searched his place and bugged it and tapped his landline phone there. Nothing."

"Well, maybe he, too, is keeping evidence of *his* operations at Droyt Industries or somewhere else instead of at *his* place."

"Makes sense. We're staking out his place, and we're putting him under twenty four hour surveillance, too."

"Good. How's Debra Montgomery?"

"She's fine. Still holding up. Considering. We moved her to a different place."

"Good. I'm not going to ask where she is now because I don't want to know where she is now in case these people who want to know what Ms Montgomery and I are doing capture me and interrogate me."

"I understand. Well, I think that's it for now. Bye, Mr. Folster."

"Bye, Ms Roberts."

Then Lauren and I hung up, and then I put my Apollo Bureau cell phone back into my pocket. Then I continued looking around for a good place to eat at. I found it and went over to it.

The Boise Fry Company. I was sitting at a table and eating a hamburger and russets with too many dipping sauces. Through the corner of my eye, I looked out the window to see if Lister were parked across the street and watching me. He was. No doubt he had followed me here to the restaurant and had seen me go into it. But he didn't go into the restaurant. It'd be dangerous if he would. He'd expose himself to me, and then he

wouldn't be able to keep me under surveillance.

I felt better after I had eaten. Then I left a nice tip on the table, and then I paid the check and walked out of the restaurant, and then I got into my car and started it up, and then I left the restaurant so I could back to my hotel; I also looked out the rear- and side view mirrors of my car to see if Lister were following me. He was. Although he was keeping far back behind me so I won't see him.

I was here at the hotel and inside my hotel room now. When I had gotten here, I had checked my room to see if it had been bugged and if the phone had been tapped while I had been out. The room hadn't been bugged, and the phone hadn't been tapped. Which meant that Greene and Dayton and Chet and those other people hadn't been able to get inside my room and search it and bug it and tap the phone here yet. They had only found out where I was staying and what

kind of car I was driving right now. But, of course, that didn't mean that they wouldn't get inside my hotel room and search it and bug it and tap the phone here later. They would get inside my hotel room and search it and bug it and tap the phone here later if they have to. Then I set up my hotel room for burglary prevention the same way I had done it before, and then I had set the alarm clock for the time I wanted to get up at later tonight, and then I had put my gun underneath the pillow, and then I turned off the light and had gotten into bed. Now I was sleeping. It was time now to get the sleep that I was going to need to get to do the work that I might do tonight.

CHAPTER VIII

Burt Collins was still here at Debra's place and still watching it and still parked across the street from Debra's place.

His Apollo Bureau cell phone rang. He took it out of his pocket and said hello. *His* Apollo Bureau cell phone was bamboo colored.

It was Lauren. She told Burt to scramble. He did and told Lauren he did. Then Lauren spoke to Burt again: "Burt. How are you doin'?"

"Fine," Burt said. "You?"

"Fine. Dirk Greene and Stan Dayton are going over there to Debra Montgomery's place right now. You already know why they're going over there."

"Yes, I do. They're going to try to abduct Ms Montgomery again at her place again."

"That's right. And you also know that her place is bugged and her landline phone is tapped and that she's not there."

"Yes, I do."

"Well, when they get there, let them do what they're going to do and watch what they do whenever they're outside Ms Montgomery's place. After they leave, you let me know they left, and I'll see that someone relieves you. You must be getting tired."

"Yes, I am."

"Well, hold on. It's just until you've seen what Greene and Dayton do outside Ms Montgomery's place and until they leave Ms Montgomery's place. All right?"

Burt smiled. Then he spoke to Lauren again: "All right."

"Good," Then Lauren hung up.

So did Burt. Then he put his Apollo Bureau cell phone back into his pocket. Then he continued watching Debra's place. Then, he saw Greene and Dayton show up. They came in Greene's car. They parked a

few feet away from Debra's place and on the same side of the street Debra's place was on. Burt watched what they did. Then he saw them get out of Greene's car, and then he saw them run into the back of Debra's place. Then Burt saw the light inside Debra's place being turned off. No doubt Greene or Dayton had gotten into the house and had turned off the light.

Here inside Debra's place, Greene and Dayton took their penlights out of their pockets and turned them on and looked all through the house for Debra. But they couldn't find her. Then they decided to see if her car were still here. They turned their penlights off and put them back into their pockets and left the house and looked around to make sure no one would see them sneak into Debra's garage. No one did. Then they went over to Debra's garage, and then Greene took his lock pick set out of his pocket and picked the lock of the side door of Debra's garage, and then he and Dayton

snuck into the garage and Greene put his lock pick set back into his pocket and Dayton closed the door, and then Greene and Dayton took their penlights out of their pockets and turned them on and flashed the lights into the garage. Then they saw Debra's car.

"Her car's still here," Dayton said.

"Yeah," Greene said. "But *she* isn't here."

"Well, maybe she walked over to some other place for some reason and she'll be back later."

"Yeah. Or maybe someone came over here and picked her up, and then they left her place and went somewhere else for some reason. Or maybe Micah Folster has something to do with her not being here: maybe Debra Montgomery told him why she was at the Plains, and then he suggested to her that she goes into hiding while he does whatever it is that he's doing here in Boise. I'd say that that theory is more likely."

"I think that theory's more likely, too. But if that's the case, then we're going to have to find Debra Montgomery, then try to abduct her again."

"I know. But we still have to abduct her. You know what our orders are."

"Yes, I do."

"Let's get out of here. I'll tell someone to come over here and stake out her place in case she comes back here."

Outside Debra's place, Burt was still watching the place.

His Apollo Bureau cell phone rang. He took it out of his pocket and said hello.

It was Lauren. She told Burt to scramble and he scrambled and told Lauren he had scrambled. Then Lauren spoke to him again: "Leave right now, Burt. I'll explain to you why I want you to leave right now after you're far away from Ms Montgomery's place. Call me back after you're far away from Ms Montgomery's place. All right?"

"All right," Then Burt hung up and put his Apollo Bureau cell phone back into his pocket, and then he started up his car and pulled away from the curb and into the street.

He *was* driving far away from Debra's place now.

Five minutes later, he pulled up to the nearest curb and parked his car here, and then he took his Apollo Bureau cell phone out of his pocket and called Lauren at Apollo Bureau Boise HQ and told her he was far away from Debra's place now.

"Good," Lauren then said. Then Lauren told Burt everything she had heard Greene and Dayton talk about at Debra's place. Right now Lauren was inside one of the rooms inside the operations department of Apollo Bureau Boise and listening in on Debra's place on the radio to the bug that had been place inside Debra's place, and the radio to the tap that had been put into Debra's landline phone, and the radio to the

bug that had been put inside Debra's garage, and the radio to the bug that had been put inside Debra's car. More of Lauren's men and Stephanie and some of *her* men were with Lauren right now and sitting at the same table Lauren was sitting at and listening in on Debra's place and her landline phone and her garage and her car with Lauren. "You can go home and get some sleep as planned now," Lauren then told Burt. "I'll have the person who's going to relieve you do drive surveillance when *he* gets to Ms Montgomery's place instead of stake out Ms Montgomery's place. And *you'll* do drive by surveillance when you relieve him. We can't have whoever Greene has watching Ms Montgomery's place see us watching him and tell Greene we're watching him."

"I understand."

"Good. O.K. That's it. You can go home and rest up now."

"All right. Good night, ma'am."

"Good night, Burt," Then Lauren hung up.

So did Burt. Then he put his Apollo Bureau cell phone back into his pocket, and then he started up his car and pulled away from the curb so he could go home and rest up.

I was still sleeping.

My Apollo Bureau cell phone rang. I came awake and turned on the light so I could see what time it was now. The clock told me it was four minutes to eleven. Then I took my Apollo Bureau cell phone off of the bedside table and said hello and turned off the light.

It was Lauren. She told me to scramble and I did and I told her I did. Then she told me about what she had heard Greene and Dayton say and do at Debra's place and about her phone conversation with Burt.

"I see," I said after Lauren had finished. "So they did try to abduct her at her place

again. And no doubt they're going to tell their employer what they discovered at Ms Montgomery's place and then he's going to tell them to find her and try to abduct her again. Or maybe they already told their employer what they discovered at Ms Montgomery's place and he already told them to find her and try to abduct her again. Because of theories, you'd better tell our people who are putting Ms Montgomery under twenty four hour protective surveillance everything you've just told me about what Greene and Dayton said and did at Ms Montgomery's place and about your phone conversation with Burt Collins. They'll need to be ready for them."

"Of course. I'll do that."

"Good. We can still do everything else as planned. Anything else, Ms Roberts?"

"No, that's it. Sorry I woke you up."

"Don't worry about it," Then I hung up.

So did Lauren.

Then I put my Apollo Bureau cell phone back on the bedside table and went back to sleep.

Dave Billings, one of Stephanie's men, was driving over to Debra's place now to do the drive by surveillance on Debra's place. Stephanie had called him and had told him about what she and the CIA agents who were with her right now and Lauren and the Apollo Bureau agents who were with *her* right now had heard Greene and Dayton say and do at Debra's place and about Lauren's phone conversation with Burt Collins, and then she had told Dave to do the drive by surveillance when he goes over to Debra's place instead of stake out Debra's place. Now Dave reached the street that Debra lived on, and then he turned onto that street.

As he drove down the street, and as he was getting closer and closer to Debra's place, he looked around for anyone who may be watching Debra's place right now. But so

far he didn't see anyone watching Debra's place. All he saw were cars parked on either side of the street, but no one was in the cars. Then, Dave saw something. It *was* a car. And it was parked across the street from Debra's place. It was a blue Chevy. And Dave saw the face of the person who was in the Chevy, and he saw that person watching Debra's place. Quickly Dave looked for the license plate number of the Chevy and found it. Then he read the number on the license plate and memorized it and continued driving down the street. And when he came to the nearest cross street, he turned onto it and drove down it, and then he pulled up to the curb in front of someone's place and parked his car here. Then he took his CIA cell phone out of his pocket and called Stephanie and told her what he had done and that he had gotten the license plate number of the car of the person who was watching Debra's place.

"We'll find out who is he and let you know who he is," Stephanie told Dave after

Dave had finished. "*You* can call it a night. There isn't anything else you can do tonight."

"All right," Dave said. "Good night."

"Good night, Dave," Then Stephanie hung up.

So did Dave. Then he put his CIA cell phone back into his pocket, and then he started up his car, and then he pulled away from the curb so he could go back to his hotel and turn in.

He was driving down the street now.

His CIA cell phone rang. He took it out of his pocket and said hello.

It was Stephanie. She spoke to Dave: "The person who drives the Chevy is Mitch Davis. He works for the security department of Droyt Industries."

"And no doubt one of the people who's working with Greene and Dayton and the others on finding Micah Folster and keeping him in their sights and trying to find Debra

Montgomery, and then they try to abduct her again."

"Yeah. And no doubt Greene called him and told him what he and Dayton found at Ms Montgomery's place and told him to go over to Ms Montgomery's place and stake it out and why."

Yeah."

"Yeah. We'll tell Mr. Folster who's watching Ms Montgomery's place. He will need to know that," Then Stephanie told Dave about the phone conversation that Lauren had had with me about what Greene and Dayton had discovered at Debra's place when they had gone over there to try to abduct Debra again. "That's all, Dave," Stephanie said after she had finished. Good night."

"Good night," Then Dave hung up and put his cell phone back into his pocket.

Back here at Apollo Bureau Boise HQ, Stephanie told Lauren about her phone conversation with Dave, and then Lauren

called me and told me about the phone conversation that Stephanie and Dave had just had about the person who was watching Debra's place right now. Then we hung up and I put my Apollo Bureau cell phone back on the bedside table and went back to sleep.

The alarm clock buzzed. I stirred, then came awake and turned the alarm clock off. Then I turned on the light and looked at the time. The clock told me it was the time I wanted to get up at. Then I turned the light off and got out of bed so I could get dressed and go get something to eat and then go do the work that I was going to need to do tonight.

CHAPTER IX

I was driving through downtown Boise now. After I had gotten up, I had peeked out the window to see if Lister had still been at the hotel and watching it. He had been. Then I had gotten dressed and had left the hotel and had gone over to the same place I had eaten at before and had seen Lister following me over to that place and had seen him park his car across the street from that place and had seen him watching me go into the place and get something to eat. And after I had gotten something to eat, I had left the place so I could go do the work that I was going to need to do tonight and had seen Lister follow me. Now I looked into the rear- and side view mirrors of my car to see what Lister were doing now. He was still following me. Still staying far behind me so I won't see

him. I was going to have to lose him before I do the work that I was going to need to do tonight. I didn't want him to see what I was going to do tonight. I started thinking of a way to lose him. But before I came up with an idea to lose him, I saw something that might help me lose him: a truck. It turned onto the street that Lister and I were driving down and drove down the street. This might give me the opportunity to lose Lister. All I'd have to do is drive up to the truck and drive around it and then drive in front of it, and at the next cross street, I turn onto that street and drive down it. I looked into the rear- and side view mirrors of my car again. Lister was still following me. Still staying far behind me so I won't see his following me. Then I drove up to the truck, and then I drove around it, and then I got in front of it and drove in front of it and looked around for the nearest cross street. I found it. Then I turned onto it and drove down it. Then I looked into the rear- and side view mirrors

of my car again. This time I didn't see Lister following me. That was good. Then I continued driving down the street and took indirect routes to where I was going to do my work to keep Lister from finding me and continue following me.

My Apollo Bureau cell phone rang. I took it out of my pocket and said hello.

It was Frank George, agent for the Boise station of the Apollo Bureau, and one of the Apollo Bureau agents who was working with the other Apollo Bureau agents, and the other CIA agents, on following and watching me and reporting the surveillance on me to Lauren and Stephanie. He was relieving CIA agent Colleen Walker. He told me to scramble and I did and I told him I did. Then he told me I had lost Lister and it looked like he was trying to find me so he can continue following me.

"Well, if all goes well," I said after Frank had finished. "he'll continue following me after I've done what I have to do tonight.

Right now I don't want him to see what I'm going to do."

"I understand."

"Anything else?"

"No, that's it. Good luck on what you're going to do."

"Thanks."

"You're welcome," Then Frank hung up.

So did I. Then I put my Apollo Bureau cell phone back into my pocket.

And Frank called Lauren and told her about the phone conversation he had just had with me, and then Lauren told Stephanie about the phone conversation he had just had with me. Lauren and the other Apollo Bureau agents she was with, and Stephanie and the CIA agents she was with, were still here at Apollo Bureau Boise HQ and still monitoring all of the activities in the mission.

Several indirect routes later, I was out here in the country. On my way to do the work that I was going to need to do tonight.

I looked into the rear- and side view mirrors of my car again to see if I had still lost Lister. It looks like I did. I didn't see him. Then I came to the Plains, and then I made a U turn and drove off of the road and onto the shoulder, and then I parked my car here. Then I took my binoculars out of my backpack, which was here on the front seat of my car, and looked through them at the Plains. I didn't see anything going on at the Plains. Then I put my binoculars back into my back pack, and then I took my gloves out of the back pack and put them on, and then I took my infrared goggles out of the back pack and put *them* on, and then I zipped up the back pack and put the back pack on, and then I got out of my car and locked it, and then I ran across the street and onto the Plains and looked all around me. I still didn't see anything going on here at the Plains. Then I stopped running and looked all around me. All I saw were plains. Lots of plains. From miles around.

I was getting further onto the land now. Then I saw a mountain. I walked over to it.

When I got here, I looked all around me. The mountain wasn't very big. And next to the mountain was a water hole with a sign on it. I read what was on the sign. It read:

DANGER
THIS WATER IS POISONED

Then, I heard a sound. I looked to where I heard it. It sounded like the roar of a wild animal. And the sound was getting louder and louder with each passing second. I whipped my gun out of my shoulder holster and shot at the sound. But nothing happened. And the sound was getting louder and louder with each passing second. Then, I stopped suddenly and my gaze became fixed.

As the sound of the roar of the wild animal was getting louder and louder, tracks appeared on the ground. They were the kind of tracks that you see on a tank. But I didn't

see or hear anything else. I continued shooting in the direction of the sound. Then, I heard something: the sound of the roar of the wild animal was being replaced by a rumbling sound of some kind. Then, I heard another sound: it replaced the sound of the rumbling: it was an explosion. And then I heard things falling onto the ground. I looked to where I heard the sounds. Now there were no sounds of any kind. I went over to where the explosion had occurred to investigate. And as I walked over to where the explosion had occurred to investigate, I stopped suddenly and my gaze became fixed. Then I looked all around me.

The things that had fallen onto the ground were becoming visible. Slowly, but surely. Like a poison entering someone's body. Until finally I saw what had now become visible: pieces of a cat--a very large cat. The size of a saber tooth tiger. And it was black-gray. And there were wires and circuitry boards sticking out of the pieces of

the cat. Which meant that this "cat" had been man made. Then I looked to where the tracks were. Then I realized that the "cat" must have run on the ground like a tank. That would explain the tracks on the ground. And this "cat" must have had a cloaking device, too. Which explained why the "cat" had been invisible. I touched the pieces of the cat. They were made of metal. Then I realized that this "cat" was intended to scare people off of the property. And this may have been Calew's idea. A good way to scare people off of the property: let them hear the sound, and the sound had been loud and fierce enough to scare the people off of the property and not kill them or injure them. Maybe this what Calew had wanted. It would work. And it must have since it must have scared Debra off of the property when she had been on it to do or had done what she had been on the property for. And maybe Droyt Industries had made the "cat" for Calew if they were in

on what was going on here at the Plains with the rest of the people who were in what was going on here at the Plains. And since one of the things that Droyt Industries did was make robots. It would be possible. Then I heard some more sounds. It was the sound of horses galloping. Hard. I looked to where I heard the galloping. Then, I saw the horses. And then I saw the people riding them. They were coming towards me. Getting bigger and bigger which each passing second. Quickly I ran over to the mountain and looked for a good place to hide in.

The people on the horses came to the now dead "cat" and stopped and looked all around them. I recognized one of the people who were on the horses from the picture of him I had seen in his file that I had read: Calew. He was tall, lean, leathery, had gray eyes, and he was wearing a black hat that was covering most of his blond hair and a long sleeve white shirt and blue jeans and black boots. And the other people who were

on the horses were coarse and weather-beaten and wearing the same kind of clothes that Calew was wearing.

Calew and the rest of the people on the horses saw the now dead "cat."

"The cat's destroyed," Calew said. He sounded disappointed.

"Yeah," another one of the people on the horses said. "But before we heard the explosion, we heard shots."

"Yeah, I know. Which means that someone shot the cat and destroyed it when he heard it. Someone who came onto the land to find out what we're doing here, and he may have found out what we're doing here, or maybe he didn't. Maybe the roar of our cat kept him from finding out what we're doing here."

"Yeah."

"Well, there's the possibility that whoever it was that came onto the land and heard our cat and destroyed it must still be on the land. I don't think he could have had

time to escape. We look for him." Then Calew turned around and looked at everyone else and told them what they were going to do and to fan out so they could find me. I didn't like this. Sooner or later they would find me. However, I did like it: their finding me and interrogating me might help me find out what was going on here. I remained in my hiding place and continued looking at Calew and the other people who were on the horses. Then, I saw and heard something. I looked to where I saw it and heard it. It was up in the sky. And then it came down and got bigger and bigger which each passing second. Then, I stopped suddenly and looked.

It was the manipulating rocket. And it was going further and further down to the Plains.

Calew and the other people saw the rocket, too.

"It's the rocket!" one of the people said.

"Yeah!" Calew confirmed.

Then, I heard another sound. Then I looked to where I heard it. Then I saw the poisoned waterhole slide back, revealing a hole in the ground. Then I saw the manipulating rocket go down to the hole in the ground, and then I saw the manipulating rocket turn around, and then I saw the manipulating rocket go down into the hole in the ground, and then I saw the poisoned waterhole slide back over the hole in the ground.

"Let's continue looking for that someone," Calew told the rest of the people. "We can find out about the results of the last trip the rocket made later. We've got to find that someone."

"Of course," one of the people said.

Then Calew and the rest of the men started fanning out to look for me. And I saw some of the men coming over here to the mountain.

CHAPTER X

Back here in downtown Boise, Joe Burke and Bob Fenton, agents for the surveillance department of Apollo Bureau Boise, were across the street from the new hotel that Debra had been moved to and sitting in Joe's cream white Bronco that Joe had parked across the street from the hotel, and watching the hotel. They were two of the surveillance operatives for the Boise station of the Apollo Bureau who were putting Debra under twenty four hour protective surveillance. Then they saw Debra walk out of the hotel. She was wearing a brown corduroy coat and a light red blouse and green jeans and black tennis shoes, and her right hand was grasping the strap of her purse which was resting on her right shoulder.

Joe and Bob looked at their watches and got out their voice recorders and recorded when they saw Debra walk out of the hotel. Then they saw Debra walk down the street. Then Joe started up his car, and then he and Bob pulled away from the curb so they could follow and watch Debra.

Debra went to a twenty-four hour coffee shop. She woke up feeling hungry, so she decided to get dressed and leave the hotel and go somewhere and get something to eat since the restaurant and the coffee shop of the new hotel she was staying at were closed.

When she got here to the coffee shop, she went into it and sat at the counter and looked at a menu and ordered some coffee.

Joe and Bob saw Debra go into the coffee shop, and then Joe made a U-turn and pulled up to the curb across the street from the coffee shop and parked his car here, and then he and Bob watched what Debra was doing.

Here inside the coffee shop, Debra continued looking at the menu and sipped the coffee.

"Hello, Ms Montgomery," a voice said.

Debra looked to where she heard the voice--and then she stopped suddenly and looked surprised.

Sitting next to her at the counter was Greene.

"Hello, Ms Montgomery," another voice said.

Then Debra looked to where she heard *that* voice--and then she stopped suddenly and looked surprised.

Dayton was sitting at the counter, too, and he was sitting on the other side of Debra.

Greene and Dayton had managed to find Debra so they could try to abduct her again.

Outside the coffee shop, Bob and Joe saw what Debra and Greene and Dayton were doing. Then Bob got out his Apollo Bureau cell phone and called Lauren at Apollo

Bureau Boise HQ and told Lauren what he and Bob saw Debra and Greene and Dayton do.

Back here inside the coffee shop, Greene told Debra to look down. She did. Then she saw the .38 automatic in Greene's hand.

"Now," he said to Debra. "Are you going to come with us quietly, or do we kill innocent bystanders as well as we kill you?"

"I'll go with you quietly," Debra told him.

"Very wise decision."

Then Debra and Greene and Dayton got up from the counter and left the coffee shop.

Outside the coffee shop, and here inside the parking lot of the coffee shop, Debra and Greene and Dayton walked over to Greene's car which Greene had parked here inside the parking lot of the coffee shop when he and Dayton had seen Debra go into the coffee shop. Then Greene told Debra to get into the front seat of the car and she did, and then Dayton got into the back of the car and took

his .45 revolver out of his shoulder holster and put it in his lap.

"Don't try to escape, Ms Montgomery," Dayton said to Debra. "I have a gun on you."

And Greene got into the front seat of the car and got behind the steering wheel, and then he started up the car. Then he and Debra and Dayton started to leave the coffee shop. Then, something happened: Greene wasn't able to drive his car out of the parking lot of the coffee shop very well. He got out of his car to find out why he couldn't drive his car out of the parking lot of the coffee shop very well. And then he found out why he couldn't drive his car out of the parking lot of the coffee shop very well: one of the rear end tires of his car was flat. He looked surprised.

"Now how did that happen?" he asked.

"What is it?" Dayton asked.

"One of the rear end tires is flat."

"One of the rear end tires is flat?" Dayton looked and sounded surprised. "How did that happen?"

Bob was standing here inside the parking lot of the coffee shop and looking at what Greene and Dayton and Debra were doing and folded his folding knife and put it into his pocket.

"Government agents," Joe said to Greene and Dayton and held his .44 automatic on them. He was standing here inside the parking lot of the coffee shop, too.

Also inside the parking lot of the coffee shop were more Apollo Bureau agents and some CIA agents. Making sure that Greene and Dayton don't escape.

"You're under arrest," Joe told Greene and Dayton. Then he told Greene and Dayton what they were arresting them for and they had found out who they were and read them their rights.

Back here at the Plains, I looked out in front of me. I was sandwiched inside this crevice here inside the mountain. At the moment this crevice here inside the mountain was the only good hiding place here inside the mountain I had found. Then, I saw something: some of the men who had come over here to the mountain. This time they got off their horses and took their lever action rifles out of the scabbards on their saddles, and then they walked around and looked around. Then--they saw me--and then they aimed their guns at me--but before they killed me--I killed them. And then I saw them and their guns fall down to the ground--and then I saw more of those people--and then they aimed *their* guns at me--but before they killed me--I killed them. Then I saw *them* and *their* guns fall down to the ground. Then, I heard something. I looked to where I heard it. It was the sound of horses galloping. And the sound was getting louder and louder with each passing

second. It sounded like the horses were coming over here to the mountain. And if the horses *were* coming over here to the mountain, then that would mean that the riders of the horses were coming over here to the mountains. And if the riders of the horses were coming over here to the mountain, then that would mean that the riders of the horses had heard the shots and went to investigate them. I didn't like this. And I didn't like the situation I was in, either.

I heard the galloping stop, and then, as carefully as I could, I tip toed over to the mouth of this crevice to look outside. And then, I saw Calew and the other men standing at the mountain and looking at it. They saw me, too. And they were holding *their* lever action rifles on me, also.

"You have a choice," Calew said to me. "You can throw your gun out and come out quietly, or will go in there and get you."

I tossed my gun out. It landed on the ground outside the mountain. Calew picked it up. And I came out of the mountain and stepped onto the ground.

"So you must be another person who's tried to find out what's going on here," Calew said to me. "Well, I think it's only fair that we tell you what's going on here."

"Deke, you shouldn't," one of the men stressed.

"Oh, I can do it," Calew told that man. "You know the old saying: Dead Men Tell No Tales?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, we will have to kill him after we tell him what he wants to know and after we find out if he *has* found out what we're doing and how much he knows and who he told about what we're doing."

"Of course."

"But let's talk to him after we get him down to mission control; we can shake him down while we're down there, too." Then

Calew told me to go back into the crevice of the mountain and to walk further down the crevice. I did what he told me to do. Calew and all of his men followed me. Then Calew told me to stop. I did. Then Calew walked over to me and stopped, and then he pressed a part of the mountain, and then that part of the mountain pushed in, and then another part of the mountain slid back, and now we were looking at an elevator inside the mountain. Then Calew told me to get inside the elevator and I did, and then Calew and the other men got into the elevator, and then Calew pressed a button inside the elevator, and then the portion of the mountain that had slid back to reveal the elevator slid back to conceal the elevator, and then the elevator went down. And I took my infrared goggles off and put them into my pocket. I didn't think I was going to need to use them anymore right now.

When we reached our destination, the elevator door opened, and then Calew and

his men and I got out of the elevator, and then I stopped and looked all around me.

The room that Calew and his men and I were standing in now was big. And standing inside the center of the room, and on a pad, was the manipulating rocket. It was big. About thirty feet tall. And next to the manipulating rocket was an elevator. And on one side of the room were consoles. No doubt these consoles were the controls that were used to control the manipulating rocket and the "cat." And there were people at the consoles. No doubt they were the ones who controlled the manipulating rocket and the "cat." But I didn't see anyone at some of the consoles. Which meant that those controls were intended to control the "cat," and Calew must have told the people who controlled the "cat" that the "cat" was now out of commission. Then people who controlled the "cat" must have left the consoles for some reason. I only saw people at the other consoles and operating the

controls on them. Which meant that these people must be the people who controlled the manipulating rocket. They saw Calew and his men and I come into the room and wondered why we were here.

"Get back to work," Calew told them. "We'll talk about the test you just ran on the rocket and tell you why this man is here later. Right now I need to talk to him."

Then the men at the consoles went back to work.

Then I realized that the people who were at the consoles and operating the controls on them were the ones who controlled the manipulating rocket since Calew had told them they'll talk about the test the people at the consoles had run on the rocket and tell those people why I was here in this room later.

Calew spoke to me again: "Hello, Mr. Folster. I'm Deke Calew. I'm the owner of this ranch here that I call the Plains. I'm also in charge of security for this project that you

and some others have tried to find out about. It's my job to make sure that no one finds out about the project and to keep them from destroying the project if they find out about the project. We found out who you are when you kept two of my other associates from abducting someone else who tried to find out what we're doing here. No doubt you found out who that person is that tried to find out what we're doing here. So have we. Her name is Debra Montgomery. She's in the business of finding people and things. She does most of her work for insurance companies and U.S. Customs. And she lives here in Boise. And we found out that you are an insurance investigator, and you're from Washington, D.C. What we don't know is why you're here in Boise?"

"Pete Henderson," I answered. "He was a friend of mine. He and I have been keeping in touch with each other. He told me that there was some kind of activity going on here at the Plains and that he was going to

try to find out what that activity was. All he found out about the activity so far was that there was some kind of UFO in the area. But he didn't know what the UFO was. That he needed to find out what the UFO was. Then I stopped hearing from him and wondered why I stopped hearing from him and came here to Boise to find out why I stopped hearing from him. Then I found out he was the victim of burglary and robbery and murder: someone broken into his place to steal whatever money he could find and saw Pete by accident and killed him. Then he looked through Pete's house and discovered the money inside Pete's cash box and inside his wallet and stole it. And so I decided to look into his being the victim of burglary and robbery and murder and try to find out about this UFO activity he told me about. Maybe his being the victim of burglary and robbery and murder and this UFO activity are connected." I lied about everything I was telling Calew right now. I had to. Maybe this

lie would help me find out what I needed to know.

"You're right, Mr. Folster," Calew said. "Henderson *was* trying to find out what we're doing here, and we found out how much he found out about what we're doing here and killed him to keep him from looking further into what we're doing here and to keep him from telling someone about what he found out about what we're doing here and made him look like he was the victim of burglary and robbery and murder so we could disguise the real reason why we killed him."

"Of course. And I imagine you'll try to abduct Debra Montgomery again and find out how much *she* found out about what you're doing here and then kill her to keep her from looking further into what you're doing here and to keep her from telling someone what she found out about what you're doing here?"

"Yes."

Well, hopefully they won't find her, I thought. Or if they do, my people and the CIA will try to keep them from trying to abduct her again.

"Now, Mr. Folster," Calew said. "Let's shake you down. We will need to do that."

"Of course," I said.

"And after we do that, we can continue talking."

Then the two men took me over to one of the consoles. Calew went with us.

When we got here to the console, the two men shook me down and put my belongings on the console and relieved me of my backpack and poured *its* contents onto the console and put the backpack on the console. Then Calew looked at all of the items. He didn't ask me any questions about them. Probably because he thought it was common for an insurance investigator to use this kind of equipment in his line of work. Which meant that he must have thought I

was an insurance investigator and not a secret agent.

In other words, my cover hadn't been blown. I liked that. So far, so good.

"You say that you're in charge of security for this project of yours as well as you're the owner of the Plains," I said to Calew.

"That's right," Calew confirmed. "I am."

"Then if you're in charge of security for this project of yours, then that would mean that there's someone else or more than one person who's in charge of the project."

"Yes. There is more than one person who's in charge of the project. And we meet here at my place and discuss what we're going to do."

"Those people who meet you at your place, and then you and these people discuss what you and these people are going to do. Are they in the military, and do they meet you here at your place every weekend, and then you and these people discuss what you and these people are going to do?"

"Why, yes, they are in the military, and they do meet here at my place every weekend, and then they and I discuss what they and I are going to do. Boy, you have done your homework, Mr. Folster."

"Well, I do what I can," And now I knew who *them* were: Calew and his people and the military people. And of one them or some of them or all of them had come up with the idea for the project of theirs, too, whatever the project was.

And Calew and his people and the military people must have been the ones who had found out who I was and wanted to know why I was here in Boise and had me kept in sight until they find out why I was here in Boise and decide what to do with me and do it and try to abduct Debra again and called Droyt and told him what they wanted to do about me Debra and me and why, and then Droyt had called Chet and told Chet what they had told Droyt, and then Chet had

called Greene and told Greene what Droyt had told Chet.

"I'm sure you do," Calew said to me. "And you're probably wondering what our project is. Well, our project is this: control space for military purposes. That was why we created our manipulator rocket."

"The rocket that I saw go inside the fake poisoned water hole next to the mountain?"

"That's right. Designed to do various things." Then Calew told me what the manipulator rocket was designed to do. "We call our project Operation: Spacemaster." Calew continued. "And it looks like Operation: Spacemaster is going to work. We've tested the manipulator rocket on a satellite that was launched into space: it looked like a ball, and it was brass colored, and it had scanners on it. We found out what this satellite was intended to do: see things all around it. The scientist who created this satellite called the satellite his Sell All satellite. And then later we sent out

our manipulator rocket to test it again, but we couldn't find anything else at those times to test the manipulator rocket on. And then tonight we sent the manipulator rocket out again to run another test on it. And we will find out what the results of this test are. But first I'd like to show you how the manipulator rocket does all the things I told you about." Then Calew told me to go over to the elevator next to the manipulator rocket and I did, and when we got to the elevator Calew and I got into it and went up to the nose cone of the manipulator rocket.

When we got to the nose cone, Calew pointed out to me with his finger the barrels inside the nose cone that surrounded the big barrel in the center of the nose cone and told me what rays came out of those barrels. Then he told me that the big barrel in the center of the nose cone was the scanner. The means for the people here at mission control to see what it was that they were manipulating. This scanner transmitted

picture and sound back to mission control, and TV screens here at mission control picked up both the picture and the sound, and then the people who operated the controls on the consoles saw the picture and heard the sound, and then they manipulated what they saw with the manipulator rocket. Then Calew pressed a button on the elevator, and then Calew and I went down. Carew was finished telling me about the barrels inside the nose cone of the manipulator rocket. Then Calew spoke to me again: "The manipulator rocket runs on electricity and not fuel."

"Oh, really," I said.

"That's right."

I thought. Well, that would explain where Droyt Industries came in: they probably had helped Calew and his people and the military people build the manipulator rocket. They'd have the material and the know how to help them build the rocket. Which meant that Droyt

and Chet Andrews and Greene and Dayton and those other people who worked in the security department of Droyt Industries and maybe or probably someone else or more than another person who worked at Droyt Industries were in on Operation: Spacemaster with Calew and his people and the military people. And the people who sat at the consoles and controlled the manipulator rocket and the people who sat at the consoles and controlled the "cat" must be in on Operation: Spacemaster, too.

Calew and I reached the bottom, and then we stepped out of the elevator.

Calew's men were standing next to the elevator.

"And now you know all, Mr. Folster," Calew said to me. "And now we'll find out from the scientists what the results of the latest test on the rocket are." Then Calew and his men and I walked over to the consoles the scientists were sitting at and operating the controls on.

When we got here, Calew told the scientists why I was here and what he and his men were going to do with me and why. Then he asked the scientists what the results of the latest test on the manipulator rocket were.

"We haven't found anything new to test it on," one of the scientists told Calew.

"I see," Calew said. "Well, maybe you'll have something new to test it on next time. Why don't you guys call it a night and resume the testing at the next opportunity?" The scientists only came over here to mission control and worked on testing the manipulator rocket whenever they could. They had their own private jobs to do. And they lived here in Boise, too.

All of the scientists agreed to call it a night and come back here to mission control and resume the testing at the next opportunity. Then they and Calew asked themselves when the scientists could come back here to mission control and resume the

testing. Then they found out when the scientists could come back here to mission control and resume the testing and agreed upon coming back here to mission control and resuming the testing at that time. Then the scientists turned off all of the controls on the consoles, and Calew looked at two of his men and spoke to them: "Jake? Travis? Take Mr. Folster to our jail and keep him there and watch him until I've come up with a way to get rid of him. And after I've come up with a way to get rid of him, we'll take him somewhere far away from here and kill him. Just like we did to Henderson."

"And the reason why you want to get rid of me somewhere far away from here is to remove all suspicion from yourselves."

"That's right," Then Calew looked at the rest of his men and spoke to them: "The rest of you can resume your regular duties while I go back to my place and decide how I'm going to get rid of Mr. Folster." Then Calew and those men left mission control so they

could get into the elevator and leave the mountain and go do what they were going to do, and Jake told me where the jail was and how to get there, and I followed his directions as he and Travis and I went to the jail.

When we got here, I saw the door of the cell I was going to be in. The door of the cell had a window and bars on it, but there was no knob on the door of the cell. And next to the door and on the wall was a keypad. Jake walked over to the pad and pressed certain numbers on the pad, and then the door opened. Then Travis pushed me into the cell. Then the door of the cell closed.

It was dark here inside the cell. I felt around for a light switch. I found it. It was on the wall. I turned it on. Then light replaced the dark. I looked around the cell.

The room I was in now was small, with a large cot against one of the walls of the room. And opposite the cot and against the wall were a table and a chair. Beyond *this*

room was another room. I went into *that* room to inspect it. This room was the bathroom. In it were the washbasin and toilet. I went back into the other room and over to the door of the room and looked out it. I saw the room on the other side of the hall. The door to *that* room was wide open. And in *that* room were Jake and Travis. They were sitting at a table and playing cards. And they had a nice view of my cell.

CHAPTER XI

Here at Apollo Bureau Boise HQ, and here inside an interrogation room, Greene and Dayton were sitting at a table, and Lauren and some of her people, and Stephanie and some of *her* people, were standing around the table and asking Greene and Dayton questions about what they had found out about what Greene and Dayton and Chet Andrews and Droyt and the others were doing, but Greene and Dayton didn't answer their questions. And they had tried to escape, too, but they couldn't. Lauren and her people and Stephanie and *her* people had kept them from doing it. And Greene and Dayton had tried to commit suicide, too, but they couldn't. Lauren and her people and Stephanie and *her* people had kept them from doing it.

Gene Mears, agent for the operations department of Apollo Bureau Boise, and the agent who was communicating with me while I was out at the Plains doing what I needed to do here, came into the room and spoke to Lauren and Stephanie: "I just heard from Mr. Folster. He told me what he did out at the Plains and what he found out there and who he talked to out there. He needs to tell you and Ms Bell about what he did out there and what he found out there and who he talked to out there. But all three of you are going to have to whisper to each other because of where Mr. Folster is right now and why he's there." Then Gene told Lauren and Stephanie where I was right now and why I was here.

"I see," Lauren said after Gene had finished. Then Lauren told her men and Stephanie's men to continue interrogating Greene and Dayton while she and Stephanie and Gene go over to Operations. Then Lauren and Stephanie and Gene left the

room to go over to Operations, and Lauren's men and Stephanie's men continued interrogating Greene and Dayton.

Lauren and Stephanie and Gene here were here inside Operations and inside the room that Gene was communicating with me in. Lauren whispered into the radio to the communicator I had with me: "Hello. Mr. Folster. Come in, please…Hello. Mr. Folster. Come in please."

"Hello, Ms Roberts," I whispered.

"Hello, Mr. Folster," Then Lauren told me what Gene had told her when he had gone into the interrogation room that Lauren and her men and Stephanie and *her* men were interrogating Greene and Dayton in.

Then I told Lauren everything I had done out at the Plains and everything I had discovered out at the Plains and who I had been talking to out at the Plains.

"I see," Lauren whispered after I had finished. "So someone is going to control space for military purposes, huh?"

"That's right," *I* said.

"And they're going to control space with their manipulator rocket."

"That's right."

"And they call their project to control space for military purposes Operation: Spacemaster."

"That's right."

"Well, because of everything you've just told me, we can stop Operation: Spacemaster and arrest everyone who's in on Operation: Spacemaster and put Droyt Industries out of business."

"Yes, we can."

"First we'll get ready to go out there and help you destroy the manipulator rocket and its control center and arrest whoever's out there. We do want to go out there and help you destroy the manipulator rocket and its control center and arrest whoever's out there

before Calew goes and gets you and takes you somewhere far away from the Plains and kills you."

"Of course. And I'd appreciate it."

"You still have that explosive with you?"

"Yes, I do. And I will use it."

"Good. Anything else, Mr. Folster?"

"No, that's it."

"O.K. Bye."

"Bye." Then Lauren put the radio to the communicator I had with me back on the table and spoke to Gene: "Gene? You stay here and continue communicating with Mr. Folster. The rest of us are going to get ready to go out to the Plains and destroy the manipulator rocket and its control center and arrest whoever's out there and rescue Mr. Folster before we find and arrest the other people who are in Operation: Spacemaster and put Droyt Industries out of business. All right?" Then Lauren and Stephanie left the room and left Operations, and Gene stayed here in Operations and

inside the room he was in to continue communicating with me in, and continued listening to the radio to the communicator I had with me, in case I was going to need to talk to him again and vice versa.

Lauren and Stephanie went back into the interrogation room that Lauren's people and Stephanie's people and Greene and Dayton were in, and then Lauren told her people and Stephanie's people that they could stop interrogating Greene and Dayton.

Then Stephanie told them about the conversation that she and Lauren had just had with me and what we could do now.

"O.K." Lauren said after Stephanie had finished. Then she looked at two of her people and spoke to them: "Tim? Frank? You take Greene and Dayton back to their cells and then meet us in Operations. The rest of us will go to Operations. We're going to get ready to go out to the Plains and destroy the manipulator rocket and its control center and arrest whoever's out there and rescue

Mr. Folster before we find and arrest the other people who are in on Operation: Spacemaster and put Droyt Industries out of business. Then we'll go out there and carry out that plan. All right?"

Then Tim and Frank escorted Greene and Dayton out of the interrogation room and back to their cells, and everyone else ran out of the interrogation room and over to Operations.

Back here at the Plains, and here inside the mountain, and here inside my cell, I put the communicator in my pocket instead of back into the heel of my shoe and then hammering the heel back in place on the shoe with my fist. I wasn't going need to hide the communicator from here on in; not only that, it would be easier to get to the communicator whenever I'd have to use it again by taking it out of the pocket instead of taking it out of the heel of my shoe. The communicator looked like a silver dollar, and I had been hiding it inside the heel of

my shoe until I had needed to talk to Lauren and Stephanie and Gene on it about what I had done out here at the Plains and what I had discovered out here at the Plains and who I had talked to out here at the Plains.

After I put the communicator into my pocket, I got up from the table and went over to the light on the wall and turned it on, and then I looked out the window of the door again to see what Jake and Travis were doing. They were doing the same thing they had done before: sitting at the table and playing cards and watching my cell. Then I went back to the table and sat down at it, and then I took off the sole of my other shoe and took the packet out of the sole and put the packet on the table. Then I put the sole back on my shoe and hammered the sole back into place with my fist. Then I took the packet with me as I left the table and went back to the door and looked out it to see what Jake and Travis were doing now: the same thing they had done before. Then I

opened up the packet and put my hand in it and tore off a piece of the putty that was inside the packet and took it out of the packet, and then I closed up the packet and put the packet in my pocket. I wasn't going to need to put the putty back inside the sole of my shoe and pound the sole back onto the shoe anymore. I wasn't going to need to hide the putty anymore; not only that, it'd be easier to get to the putty whenever I'd need to use it again by taking it out of my pocket instead of taking it out of the sole of my shoe. Then I pressed the piece of putty I had torn off of the rest of the putty between the door and the wall with my thumbnail, and then I ran into the bathroom and stopped here and turned around and watched the door to see the putty explode and push the door open. The putty, when exposed to the air, exploded. I watched the door. Then, I saw smoke and a heard a sizzling sound coming from the putty--and then it happened--the putty exploded and pushed

the door open. Then I ran over to the door and looked out it. I saw Jake and Travis. They were still inside the other room and still sitting down at the same table they had been sitting down at and watching my cell from. But this time they looked surprised. They saw me, too. Then they got up from the table to go get their guns. Quickly I took the packet of putty out of my pocket and opened it and put my hand into it and tore off another piece of putty from the rest of the putty and threw it into the room that Jake and Travis were in and closed up the packet and put the packet back into my pocket--and then the putty I had thrown into the room that Jake and Travis were in smoked and sizzled--and then it exploded. Then I went into the room and got one of the lever action rifles that Jake and Travis had with them and checked to see if Jake and Travis were still alive. They weren't. Then I left the room and ran to the control room.

When I got here to the control room, I got up against the wall and looked over it. I was pretty sure that no one was here. Since Calew had told the scientists to go home and they had, and that Calew and his men had left the control room so that Calew could go plan my death, and so that Calew's men could go do their regular duties, but, just in case. It was dark inside the control room. Cautiously, I walked into the control room and felt around for a light switch. I felt it. It was on one of the walls inside the control room. I turned it on. Instantly light replaced the dark. Then I went over to the consoles and took the packet of putty out of my pocket, and then I put my hand into it and tore off pieces of the putty from the rest of the putty and took them out of the packet, and then I closed up the packet and put the packet back into my pocket, and then I put the pieces of putty into the crevices in the consoles--and then I ran over to the other side of the room and watched the consoles--

and then the putty sizzled and smoked--and then the putty exploded--and then it exploded all of the consoles here inside the control room. Now all of the consoles were rubble. Then I ran over to the manipulator rocket and looked for crevices in it. I found them and took the packet out of my pocket and opened it and put my hand into it and tore off more pieces of the putty from the rest of the putty and took them out of the packet and sealed up the packet and put the packet back into my pocket, and then I put the pieces of the putty into the crevices of the manipulator rocket--and then I ran over to the other side of the room and watched the rocket--and then it happened--the putty smoked and sizzled--and then it exploded--and then the manipulator rocket exploded. Now fragments of the rocket were all over the room.

Here at Calew's house, Calew himself was in his study and sitting in his recliner chair and thinking of a way to get rid of me. When

he heard the explosions, he got up from his recliner chair and went over to the window and looked out it to see what was going on. He didn't see anything that had been exploded, though. But he still wondered what it was that had exploded.

Here inside the mountain, I ran out of the control room and got into the elevator and took it up to the top of the mountain.

When I got here to the top of the mountain, the doors of the elevator opened. Then, cautiously, I looked outside the elevator. I didn't see or hear Calew or any of his men. Then, cautiously, I stepped out of the elevator and looked all around me. I didn't see or hear Calew or any one of his men around here. Then I took the communicator out of my pocket and told Gene I had just destroyed the manipulator rocket and its control room and killed two of Calew's men and right now I was going to find and capture and arrest Calew and any of the other people who were in on Operation:

Spacemaster who might be here at the Plains. Then George told me he was going to tell Lauren everything I had just told him; then told me that Lauren and her people, and Stephanie and *her* people, were going over to the Plains right now to give me a hand. Then George and I hung up, and then I put the communicator back into my pocket.

Back here at Apollo Bureau Boise HQ, Gene called Lauren on the purple landline phone and told her everything that he and I had just talked about on my communicator. The purple landline phone was the direct line to all Apollo Bureau personnel. After Lauren and George talked they hung up, and then Lauren told Stephanie everything that Gene had just told her. Lauren and Stephanie, and one of Lauren's men, and one of Stephanie's men, were driving over to the Plains in Lauren's navy blue Rambler, while the rest of the Apollo Bureau Boise agents

and the rest of the CIA agents were in other cars and driving over to the Plains.

Back here at the Plains, and back here at the mountain, I looked over at Calew's house. I couldn't see what was going on at Calew's place. I didn't like not seeing what was going on at Calew's place. I wouldn't be able to plan and execute my next move. But I ran over to his place anyway. I could improvise on what to do after I get to his place.

When I got here to his place, I saw him looking out the window of his study. He saw me. Then he disappeared from the window quickly. My guess was that he was going to go get a gun, thinking that I was going to get inside his place and arrest him and he was going to keep me from doing it. I got behind his place and got up against the wall. Then I saw the back door of his place. Then, quickly and silently as I could, I walked over to the door and opened it. Then, I tip toed into the

house, and then, as quickly and silently as I could, I closed the door behind me, ready to shoot if I have to.

It was dark inside the room of the house I stood in now. I looked all around me and listened. I didn't see or hear anything. I didn't like this. Perhaps Calew had extinguished all of the lights inside the house, realizing that I was inside the house right now.

Lauren and her people, and Stephanie and *her* people, arrived here at the Plains, and then they pulled off of the road and onto the shoulder and parked their cars here, and then they took their binoculars out of their backpacks and looked through them at the Plains. Then they saw Calew's house and noticed it was dark inside Calew's house.

"Perhaps Calew was inside his place while he was deciding how to get rid of Mr. Folster, and then he heard the explosions and went to the window to see what was

going on." Stephanie perceived. "although he didn't see what was going on. He only heard what was going on. Then he saw Mr. Folster running away from the mountain and over to his place to find and capture and arrest him. Then Calew went to get a gun so he can keep Mr. Folster from finding and capturing and arresting him and got the gun and turned all of the lights inside his place, realizing that Mr. Folster was going to get inside his place and find, capture, and arrest him."

"That has to be it," Lauren confirmed. "That would explain no lights being on inside the house; and then there are Calew's men. *They* must have heard the explosions, too, and went to investigate. Because of that, we're going to have to find and stop them as well as find and stop Calew from finding and killing Mr. Folster. Some of us will find and stop Calew's men while the rest of us find and stop Calew." Then Lauren got out her radio and told her people and Stephanie's

people who was going to find and stop Calew's men and who was going to find and stop Calew. Then all of them took their infrared goggles and gloves out of their back packs and put them on, and then they put their back packs on, and then they took their guns out of their shoulder holsters and got out of their cars and ran onto Plains and fanned out so they could carry out their individual tasks.

When Lauren and Stephanie and the other people with them reached Calew's place, Lauren took her back pack off and took out of it a small bullhorn and spoke into it: "Mr. Deke Calew. We're government agents. We know that you and Mr. Micah Folster are in there, and that the both of you are hunting each other right now. Throw your weapon out of the house and come out with your hands up."

Then, Lauren and Stephanie and the people with them, and I, heard a shot, followed by a thud. Then Lauren and

Stephanie and the people with them and I wondered what the shot and the thud were. Then Lauren and Stephanie and the people with them ran over to Calew's place and got up against the wall. Then they snuck into Calew's place and looked around all them and felt for a light switch. And *I* felt around for a light switch. I felt it. It was on a wall. I turned it on. Then I looked around. The room I was standing in now was the hall. Then I saw what looked like the living room. I went into it. Then, I stopped suddenly, my gaze became fixed.

Lauren and Stephanie and the other people with them saw me and ran into the living room to join me.

When they got here, they, too, stopped suddenly and their gazes became fixed.

Calew was lying on the floor. A revolver was in his right hand. Blood was seeping out of the hole in the right side of his head.

CHAPTER XII

A few days later, Debra and Lauren were here at Apollo Bureau Boise HQ. Lauren and her people, and Stephanie and *her* people, and I, had found and had arrested all of the people who had been in on Operation: Spacemaster and had closed down Droyt Industries. Then Stephanie and her people had returned to Washington and had turned in their reports on the mission, and Lauren and *her* people had returned here to Apollo Bureau Boise HQ and had turned in *their* reports on the mission, and I had gone back to my hotel and had rested up. I had needed to. It had been quite a mission. And after Lauren and her people had come back here to Apollo Bureau Boise HQ and had turned in their reports on the mission, Lauren had called Debra and had told her the mission

was over and that someone was going to bring her here to Apollo Bureau Boise HQ for a meeting. Then Lauren had told Debra when that meeting was. After that Lauren had called me and told me she to come over here to Apollo Bureau Boise HQ and have a meeting with her and when the meeting was. Then one of Lauren's men had brought Debra over here to Apollo Bureau Boise HQ for the meeting with Lauren. Now Lauren told Debra were sitting here inside Lauren's office, and Lauren told Debra how the mission had turned out and not to tell anyone what had happened, and then Debra promised Lauren she won't tell anyone what had happened.

"Good," Lauren said. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," Debra said. "Is Mr. Folster still here in Boise?"

"Yes. But he'll be leaving for Washington in a few days. He has to go back there and turn in his report on the mission. Why?"

"I wanted to see him again."

"Well, I'll tell him that when he comes here and keeps his meeting with me about the mission. That's all I can do."

"I understand."

"Good. Now. The person who brought you here for our meeting will take you home." Then Lauren turned around to face the different colored landline phones on the table against the wall and behind her desk and to use the purple landline phone. There was no red landline phone on the table. Only Mrs. Kincaid had and used the red landline phone since she was the head of the Apollo Bureau. The red landline phone was the direct line to the President of the United States. Then Lauren picked up the receiver of the purple landline phone and called the person who had brought Debra here to Apollo Bureau Boise HQ for her meeting with Debra and told him to take Debra home. Her meeting with Debra was over.

The next day, Lauren and *I* were here at Apollo Bureau Boise HQ and sitting here inside Lauren's office.

"I called Mrs. Kincaid and told her the mission is over and how it turned out," Lauren told me. "She's pleased about how the mission turned out. After we talked, she called the President and told him the mission is over and how it turned out, and then she called me back and told me she told the President the mission is over and how it turned out, and then she told me that the President was pleased about how the mission turned out."

"Well, I'm glad," I said.

"So am I. I also told Ms Montgomery the mission is over now, and how it turned out, and not to tell anyone about what happened, and she promised me she won't tell anyone what happened. And then she told me she wanted to see you."

"Oh? Really?"

"Yes."

"Did she say why she wanted to see me?"

"No, she didn't."

"I also told her that there was no guarantee that she could see you since you have to go back to Washington and turn in your report on the mission. But I would tell you that she wanted to see you. That's all I could do."

"Well, I might be able to let her see me before I go back to Washington and turn in my report on the mission. I haven't made my airplane reservation for Washington yet. And after I make it, it would or could be a while before I go back to Washington and turn in my report on the mission."

"Of course."

"I'll see what she wants before I make my airplane reservation for Washington. Is there anything else?"

"No. I think that’s it."

"All right. Bye," Then I left.

When I was outside Lauren's office, I got out my phone and called Debra at her place.

"Hello?" she said.

"Hello," *I* said. "Ms Montgomery?"

"Yes?"

"This is Micah Folster. Ms Roberts told me about the meeting she had with you about the mission. Then she told me you wanted to see me."

"Yes, I do. I want to know if I *can* see you again. The last time we saw each other was when you kept Greene and Dayton from abducting me and you and your associates put me under twenty four hour protective surveillance to keep Greene and Dayton from trying to abduct me again."

"I know. Yes. You can see me again."

"Good. Can you come over here to my place right now?"

"Yes. I'm on my way."

"Good."

Then I hung up, and then I walked out of Apollo Bureau Boise HQ and got into my car and went over to Debra's place.

When I got here, I knocked on her door.

The door opened, and standing there in the living room, was Debra.

She was wearing a long sleeve beige turtleneck sweater and forest green jeans and white tennis shoes.

She told me to come in, and when I did, she turned around and curled her arm around mine.

"When I told Ms Roberts I wanted to see you," Debra told me. "she told me you have to go back to Washington and turn in your report on the mission."

"That's right. I do," I confirmed.

"Right away?"

"Yeah," Even though I hadn't made my airplane reservation for Washington yet, and it would or could be a while before I go back to Washington and turn in my report on the mission. Mrs. Kincaid would want me to return to Washington and turn in my report on the mission right away; she had wanted me to return to Washington and turn in my reports on missions right away before, too.

Then Debra wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. Then she spoke to me again: "When did you say you have to return to Washington and turn in your report on the mission?"

"Almost right away," I said.

Debra smiled.

Then I wrapped *my* arms around her waist, and she and I kissed each other.